



No. 305.—VOL. XXIV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



LADY ALICE MONTAGU, THE ONLY SISTER OF THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.

THE MAKING OF A DANCING-GIRL.

You look in at the Empire or Alhambra one evening, in your leisurely, lounging way, and the ballet unfolds itself gracefully before your eyes. It all goes with infinite ease. There is no crushing as the ladies march to the front. There is no crowding as they perform dances that seem a marvel of intricacy. They never knock against one another; they are all in unison to the beat of the conductor's bâton and the orchestra. It looks all very simple; but, as the Cockney would say, it "wants a lot of doing." You have a vague feeling perhaps that the *prima ballerina*, in her flamboyant muslin, had been years at the business before she could stand tiptoe as she does; but not one spectator in a hundred thinks of the long years of study that the smallest girl in the company—whose name never possibly appears on the programme—has undergone before she appeared in public. Let me take you to the School of the Royal Corps de Ballet in Berlin to illustrate the complete art of a lady who would essay the task of appearing in a ballet.

The young woman who may charm you with a tricky ankle movement in a musical comedy may have been in a pinafore yesterday. Not so with the ladies of the ballet. They have been years at the business. Their training has to begin at a very early age, and the fair-haired little Berlin children who go for their first lessons in the Terpsichorean art are, many of them, only five years of age. To dance on the points of their toes and not on their heels now becomes their chief end in life, and this end can only be attained after a long and intimate acquaintance with the horizontal bar, which is so prominent a feature in this school of ballet-dancers. This bar, which is not intended for acrobatic performances on the part



THE PRIMA BALLERINA FRÄULEIN DELL' EVA.

of the future *premières danseuses* of Germany, is placed at such a distance from the ground that the dancer, when hanging on it, can just touch the floor with her toes, in which position she is taught her steps. Later on, when the child has mastered the elements of ballet-dancing, other exercises for the body, arms, and legs follow. This does not, however, mean that the exercises for the feet can be given up; on the contrary, all dancers with any ambition will practise them for several hours, even after the fatigues of a rehearsal, either at home or in the practising-hall. All round the walls of this practising-hall are long iron bars, the use of which may be seen from the illustrations, and among other noticeable objects in this somewhat bare room is a board covered with chalk for rubbing on the soles of the feet, and a watering-can for damping the floor, which would otherwise become too slippery.

About an hour and a-half before the performance, the dancer—that is, if she be one of the leading members of the ballet, and so possessed of a dressing-room of her own—begins to make her toilet and to practise various steps and figures in order to keep her limbs supple and elastic; indeed, many like to be massaged shortly before appearing on the boards. The dressing-rooms are always kept at precisely the same temperature as the stage, and immediately the prima-donna retires behind the scenes her wardrobe attendant throws a warm cloak round her to protect her from the inevitable draughts. Some, in fact, like Virginia Succi, the St. Petersburg "star," have their cloaks thrown over them while still on the stage by their personal attendants, who hide themselves among the personnel of the ballet. The pictures are of



A SHORT REST.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZANDER AND LABISCH, BERLIN.

the two leading Berlin ballet-dancers, Fräulein dell' Eva and Fräulein Urbanska. Both of these ladies are also excellent actresses. Fräulein Antoinette dell' Eva is an Italian by birth, and showed a great passion as well as a great talent for dancing at a very early age. She began her training when she was six years old, with the idea of coming before the public when she was twelve. Contrary to the wish of her teacher, and without his knowledge, she made a three years' engagement at the theatre at Cairo, and it was only after the expiration of this contract that she returned to Berlin, where she has delighted the theatre-going public ever since.

Of course, we have a school of ballet of our own in London, for the veteran Madame Katti Lanner, of the Empire, trains all the girls who dance there. At Milan and at Vienna you find some of the best ballet-dancers. It is curious, however, that the days of the great dancers like Fanny Elssler, Grisi, and Taglioni have gone. Time was when they could attract an enormous house, when grand opera centred round them and in them. But Jenny Lind came, and with her there grew up a real opera which had music for its basis, and so the stately old *danseuse* had to go, and we find her in this country only at the Empire and the Alhambra. We have at the present time reached a high pitch of mediocrity, but those great outstanding figures that some years ago compelled the wildest enthusiasm have vanished from our stage.



THE PRIMA BALLERINA FRÄULEIN URBANSKA.

DE MUSSET.

Few people know that Alfred de Musset's housekeeper, Madame Martelet, is still living, and fewer still are aware that she is writing her reminiscences of the great poet. I have been able (writes a Paris correspondent) to obtain from this lady some very interesting details, which may be new to readers of *The Sketch*. Madame Martelet kept house for the poet when he lived at 23, Quai Voltaire, in the flat occupied to-day by the Abbé le Nordez, who occupies himself in restoring with pious care the rooms to the state in which they were when de Musset inhabited them. He even came to ask the poet's old housekeeper what colour of paper was on the walls in 1847. Madame Martelet used to keep a watchmaker's shop in the Faubourg St. Honoré some years ago, but she has now withdrawn, at the advanced age of eighty-two, to a small apartment in the Rue de Duras, where I first met her. At the present time she is engaged in writing her "Souvenirs" of the poet, the keynote of which is the sentiment with which Paul de Musset was

inspired when he wrote in his introduction to his brother's biography: "The day will come when the story of his life will be recounted more at length than to-day, and when it will not be considered *à la mode* to insult the memory of the poet." The old lady sincerely believes that the spirit of her old master guides her in her work. In fact, she holds frequent *séances* with his departed spirit.



REHEARSING.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZANDER AND LABISCH, BERLIN.

THE KAISER'S CRUSADE.

The simple meals enjoyed by the German Emperor in Palestine will by epicures be considered to have constituted a veritable fast, and the Church should canonise him.

We are all glad to hear that the German Emperor has returned in safety from his pilgrimage to Palestine. It had its risks, for few monarchs in these days can travel without carrying their lives in their hands. The German Emperor was guarded with astonishing precautions; Turkish troops lined every thoroughfare, and within the inner ring German officers guarded Emperor William's person. He was accompanied on his travels by the very substantial tent which he has always been in the habit of using at military manoeuvres, a tent which has around it a number of smaller tents, devoted to officers, servants, and, finally, to the kitchens of the Imperial caravan-serai. On the Palestine trip, the Emperor, in addition to his usual travelling accommodation, had also a splendidly appointed tent sent to him by the Sultan of Turkey. When the camp was pitched at Jerusalem it consisted in all of no less than ninety-seven tents.

Many of my readers, however, will be more interested in hearing how the German Emperor lived, and I

am indebted to Mr. Melton Prior, the special artist of the *Illustrated London News* with the Imperial party, for the possession of two interesting menus. These are the luncheon and dinner cards that the Emperor used on a given date at Jerusalem—Oct. 30, 1898. They are, in fact, the actual cards that the Kaiser read.

Jerusalem boasts its hotels, the latest being the New Grand Hotel, but the Emperor did not have to draw upon them, the caterers for the royal table being Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son. The cook, I am told, was an Arab, and the managers of the dining

department were Zigada Bey, of Cairo, and M. Kunth. The waiters were Syrians, dressed in picturesque black costumes. The luncheon and dinner, however, were sufficiently simple, and would hardly seem to have required a very great array of officials. Any modest German *Hausfrau* in Berlin or Leipzig would give her husband just such a dinner as this. Rigid simplicity would appear to be the order of the day, and, indeed, the German Emperor keeps to the good homely traditions of his people, even in his arrangements of meals, for his luncheon was the usual *Mittagsessen*, or dinner of homely German life, and his dinner the *Abendessen*, or supper, which every resident in Germany knows so well. The luncheon consisted of hors d'œuvre, vegetable soup, broiled fowl



THE EMPEROR'S LUNCHEON-CARD.



THE EMPEROR'S SUPPER-CARD.

with rice, Vienna collops, baked potatoes, caramel cream, butter and cheese, fruit and coffee; the dinner, or supper, of lentil-soup, gilet-pie, shin of beef, roast duck, roast venison, French-beans and salad, Charlotte russe, cheese, fruit, and coffee.

THE RETURN OF OTERO.

Otero came back to London on Wednesday last, suddenly and with little notice, as though acting upon the impulse of the moment. We all gathered at the Alhambra to see her again, recalling the occasion of her first visit to England, when poor Ernest Jurgens brought her to the Empire, and her frequent appearances in Paris, Nice, Monte Carlo, and great cities further afield. A crowded house waited for the rise of the curtain with anxious interest and greeted her appearance with a cheer. Middle. Otero has not altered much. I saw her first in London, then at Nice, and then in Paris, where she was the theme of the hour, the day, the month. Her luxury, her extravagance, her jewels, the men who died for love of her or wasted their fortunes to win her smile—of all these things *tout Paris* was talking, at a time when the Dreyfus affair was in embryo. I recognised her again in a London theatre, one night more recently, when her presence in this country was unknown, and every glass in the house was directed towards the beautiful incognita, whose dress seemed ablaze with jewels, and whose eyes paled the fire of her diamonds, and last Wednesday night I watched her performance once more. She appeared upon the stage in a wonderful dress coloured in some delicate shade of salmon-pink which set off her pale complexion and black hair to great advantage. Her breast was covered with diamonds and turquoises as with armour; all her fingers were heavy with rings. Her advance to the footlights suggested a triumph. Of success she, at least, had no doubts. Her strange beauty, radiant dress, and graceful movement held the house enchanted. She sang in a shrill voice that lacked nearly every quality demanded by a musician. It was seemingly impudence to sing; the graceful movements, the actions that accompanied the words, could not excuse or atone for the voice; but the house was fascinated, and could not refrain from applause. There was no gallery claque, but a spontaneous tribute from stalls, boxes, and all the circles. Otero bowed her acknowledgments with the dignity of a prima donna conscious of her own vast merits, and sang again as badly as before. What charm was it that she exercised? I cannot say. Suffice it that her audience waxed more and more enthusiastic. She bowed, disappeared, and reappeared, this time with a Spanish *majo* in attendance. It was the moment for the dance. I did not even expect orthodox dancing. Years ago the idol of Paris had lost or laid aside all the technique of the Spanish dances; the presence of the *majo* by her side did not lead me to hope for an Andalusian measure. I was right to expect little. The dancer commenced with a suggestion of the dance that rouses enthusiasm wherever bull-fighters congregate in the South of Spain, "*La Malagueña y el Torero*." Before a dozen bars of the music were played, I had lost all count of the dance; the ornamentation was sometimes French, occasionally English: there was little to suggest Spain. I do not deny to Otero a great charm of movement; she was graceful always; her movements, though daring in the extreme, were never for one moment vulgar, but there was little or nothing in the steps to recall Spanish dancing, which makes no play with the skirts, is guiltless of kicking, and relies largely for effect upon the peculiar *zarandeo*, which Otero never attempted, and upon posing, which she gave us only now and again. It was clever work, no doubt, and the house signified its opinion in manner unmistakable, and yet I could not find anything more than mechanical effort. Abandonment and passion had no part in the movements, and the curious confidence that enabled her to sing made Otero treat the applause as the fit and proper reward of her efforts. There was a suggestion of tired triumph in her attitude, as though she had solved the riddle of life by the light of her own beauty, and accepted the homage of all men as something that was hers by natural right. Her confidence was contagious, and those who doubted had at least to yield the tribute of applause.

It may be urged that Otero does not seek comparison with the great artists of the Halls. She is an exotic, a Queen of Beauty whose sovereignty has been acknowledged by half the capitals of Europe, whose appearance in our midst is to be received as a favour we must strive to deserve. Certainly this theory will explain the impossible voice, the jumbled dancing, the extraordinary self-possession, and, withal, the charm that must make one and all look on admiringly at the woman, if not at the artist. Most performers humbly seek the suffrages of their audience; La Belle Otero, whose equipment is in many respects inferior, from the artistic point of view, to that of her competitors, demands them as a right. "I am the Otero," she seems to say, "whom all men, from London to St. Petersburg, admire, whose life reflects and typifies one side of civilised development; be my songs what you will, and my singing and dancing as they may be, it is for you to admire, for La Belle Otero offers them."

As the curtain rose again and again in response to the recalls, and the newcomer stood triumphant in the glare of foot- and head-lights, just as she stood upon the stage of the Empire four or five years ago, there flashed across my mind two lines from the famous "*Dolores*." I seemed to see the "beautiful passionate body that never has ached with a heart!"



OTERO.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will OPEN To-Morrow, THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1898, and will CLOSE at or before 4 p.m. on FRIDAY, DEC. 2, 1898.

\$6,000,000 (or £1,240,000) of the Common Stock, \$2,000,000 (or £413,333) of the Gold or Sterling Preferred Shares, and \$2,000,000 (or £413,333) of the First Mortgage Gold Sterling Bonds are reserved for issue to the Directors and Shareholders of the Vendor Companies, to the Members of the Vendor Firms, to J. & P. Coats, Limited, and to the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited.

THE AMERICAN THREAD COMPANY

(Incorporated 10th March, 1898, under the Laws of the State of New Jersey, whereby the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.)

Share Capital, 2,400,000 Shares of \$5 each

DIVIDED AS FOLLOWS—

1,200,000 Five per Cent. Cumulative Preferred Gold or Sterling Shares (Preferential as to Capital as well as Dividend), Dividends on which will be paid in Gold in New York, or in Sterling in London, at the fixed rate of 20s. 8d. per \$5.

1,200,000 Shares of Common Stock, of which it is expected that not more than \$3 per Share will be called at present.

2,400,000 Shares Total, \$12,000,000, or £2,480,000

FIRST MORTGAGE Four per Cent. Gold or Sterling Bonds, \$6,000,000, or £1,210,000 In Bonds of \$1000, \$500, and \$50.

Total £3,720,000

Bearing 4 per cent. interest, and repayable on Jan. 1, 1919, both principal and interest being payable in Gold in New York, or in Sterling in London, at the fixed rate of 20s. 8d. per \$5.

The Bonds are payable to Bearer with Coupons attached, but for the convenience of Investors may be registered as to Principal.

The Principal and Interest of the said Bonds will be secured by a Deed of Trust by way of

Mortgage in favour of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York of all the Shares which have been or may hereafter be acquired in the undertakings hereinafter mentioned, together with all or any other property of the Company.

The Interest will accrue on the amounts of the Bonds as paid up, and will be payable in New York in Gold, or in London in Sterling, on the first days of July and January in each year, the first proportionate payment to be made on the first day of July, 1899.

\$4,000,000 of the Gold or Sterling Preferred Shares, and \$1,000,000 of the First Mortgage Four per Cent. Gold or Sterling Bonds (being the balance of the above-mentioned Capital) are now offered for subscription at par, and calculated at the fixed rate of 20s. 8d. for each \$5 Share, and £103 6s. 8d. for each \$500 Bond, payable as hereunder—

Preferred Shares.		Bonds. \$500.	
On Application	\$1 or 4s. 0d.	On Application	\$125 or £25
On Allotment	2 or 8s. 0d.	On Allotment	250 or £50
On 16th January, 1899 ..	2 or 8s. 8d.	On 16th January, 1899 ..	125 or £25 6s. 8d.
Total	\$5 or 20s. 8d.	Total	\$500 or £103 6s. 8d.

Instalments may be paid up in full on allotment less discount of three per cent. per annum.

The interest on the Bonds and the dividends on the Preferred Shares when paid in London will be calculated on the full amount actually paid in sterling as above.

A SIMULTANEOUS ISSUE WILL BE MADE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, IN CANADA, AND IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

TRUSTEE FOR BONDHOLDERS.

THE GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK, Nassau and Cedar Streets, New York; and 33, Lombard Street, London.

DIRECTORS.

LYMAN R. HOPKINS (The Merrick Thread Company), President.
ALEXANDER KING (The Barstow Thread Company), Vice-President.
THEODORE MILTON IVES (The Willimantic Linen Company), Treasurer.
ALGERNON DEWHURST } Managing Directors of the English Sewing Cotton
JOHN EDWARD LAWTON } Company, Limited.
WILLIAM MELLAND MANLOVE }
LUCIUS ALBERT BARBOUR (The Willimantic Linen Company).
EUGENE STOWELL BOSS (The Willimantic Linen Company).
ROBERT KERR CLARK (The William Clark Company).
EBEN S. DRAPER (The Glasgow Yarn and the Glasgow Thread Company).
ROBERT CORY KERR (The Kerr Thread Company).
JAMES KERR (R. and J. P. Kerr, Paisley, Scotland).
HERBERT LYMAN (The Hadley Company).
E. MARTIN PHILIPPI, 320, Broadway, New York.
ELISHA A. STILL (The Merrick Thread Company).

BANKERS.

LLOYDS BANK, LIMITED, London, and Branches.
UNION BANK OF MANCHESTER, LIMITED, Manchester, and Branches.
WILLIAMS DEACON and MANCHESTER and SALFORD BANK, LIMITED, London, Manchester, and Branches.
CRAVEN BANK, Limited, Skipton, and Branches.
BRITISH LINEN COMPANY BANK, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Branches.
CLYDEDALE BANK, LIMITED, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Branches.
COMMERCIAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, LIMITED, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Branches.
THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK.
J. and W. SELIGMAN and CO., New York.
BANK OF MONTREAL, Montreal, and Branches.

BROKERS.

COATES, SON, and CO., 99, Gresham Street, London, E.C.
AITKEN, MACKENZIE, and CLAPPERTON, 2, West Regent Street, Glasgow.
W. A. ARNOLD and SON, Haworth's Buildings, Cross Street, Manchester.
HANSON, BROOKES, and CO., St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

SOLICITORS.

ADDLESHAW, WARBURTON, and CO., 15, Norfolk Street, Manchester.
EDMUND FRANCIS HARDING, 20, Broad Street, New York.

AUDITORS.—JONES, CREWDSON, and YUATT, 7, Norfolk Street, Manchester, England.

OFFICES.—243, WASHINGTON STREET, JERSEY CITY, U.S.A.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been established primarily to unite the under-mentioned American Manufacturers of Spool, Crochet, Knitting, Mending, and other Cottons, including in some cases the allied businesses of Cotton Spinning, Doubling, Twisting, Dyeing, Bleaching, Polishing, Spool Making, &c.

With this view options to purchase the bulk of the Common Stock or the Plants and Stocks-in-Trade of the under-mentioned Companies have been obtained, and it is proposed at once to take up these options.

The Companies proposed to be included in the amalgamation are as follows—

Established.	Name and Address.	State in which Incorporated.
1866 ..	THE BARSTOW THREAD CO., Providence, R.I. (Including goodwill and trade-marks of Alexander King and Co. in Cotton Thread business.)	Rhode Island.
1881 ..	THE GLASGO YARN MILLS CO., Glasgo, near Norwich, Conn. ..	Connecticut.
1883 ..	THE GLASGO THREAD CO., Worcester, Mass.	Massachusetts.
1863 ..	THE HADLEY CO., Holyoke, Mass.	Massachusetts.
1881 ..	THE KERR THREAD CO., Fall River, Mass.	New Jersey.
1865 ..	THE MERRICK THREAD CO., Holyoke, Mass.	Massachusetts.
1873 ..	THE NATIONAL THREAD CO., Mansfield, Conn.	Connecticut.
1884 ..	THE NEW ENGLAND THREAD CO., Pawtucket, R.I. (Including goodwill and trade-marks of J. O. King and Co. in Cotton Thread business.)	To be incorporated before completion of purchase.
1831 ..	THE E. J. W. MORSE CO., Boston, Mass. (Including the patent rights, machinery, and goodwill of the Morse Machinery Co.)	Maine.
1891 ..	THE RUDDY THREAD CO., Worcester, Mass.	Massachusetts.
1865 ..	THE WARREN THREAD CO., Ashland, Mass.	Massachusetts.
1891 ..	THE WILLIAM CLARK CO., Westerley, R.I.	Rhode Island.
1864 ..	THE WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., Willimantic, Conn.	Connecticut.

The business of the above Companies has for a considerable time been injuriously affected by excessive competition among themselves; and the cutting of rates having, during the past three years, resulted in a very large portion of the trade being done below cost of production, it was realised that a complete consolidation of the various interests was necessary to ensure renewed prosperity.

The advice and co-operation of the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited, having been sought, the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of that Company visited the United States and made a careful investigation into all the circumstances of the case. During their stay in America they examined the works of all the different concerns whose Stocks are proposed to be acquired by this Company, and are of opinion that the plants generally are in a high state of efficiency. At the principal mills they found the machinery to be of the most modern type; and the power, buildings, and appliances throughout to be well adapted for the special work required to be done.

At the same time, Messrs. Ernest Crewdson and S. R. Maw, of the firm of Jones, Crewdson, and Youatt, Accountants, investigated in America the accounts of all the above-mentioned Companies, except one whose assets are small, and whose liabilities are not being taken over by this Company, and except those of the Kerr Thread Company, whose Balance Sheet and certified Abstract of Accounts at 31st December, 1897, have been accepted by this Company. Mr. Warburton, of the firm of Addleshaw, Warburton and Co., Solicitors, accompanied the gentlemen named, and rendered such legal assistance as was from time to time required.

Having satisfied themselves as to the favourable prospects of this Company, notwithstanding the fact that the profits of the recent past had been very small owing to the extraordinary cutting of rates referred to above, the Directors of the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited, on behalf of their Company, have agreed to take up (at issue price of par) 720,000 Shares of the Common Stock of this Company, and to pay all calls thereon as and when made in cash, on condition that the balance of the Share Capital and Bonds be subscribed.

Messrs. J. and P. Coats, Limited, have intimated that they will apply for 100,000 of the Preferred Shares, and the Directors have reserved the same for allotment to them.

Already, with the aid and through the instrumentality of the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited, important readjustments have taken place, which have established a largely increased income.

The Companies above-mentioned have in nearly every case Loan as well as Share Capital, and it is estimated that the amount which this Company will be required to pay for the purchase of the whole of the Common and Preferred Stocks of the above-mentioned Companies will be \$11,017,630, and that the amount required to pay off the mortgages and other liabilities of such Companies taken over by this Company (as ascertained by Messrs. Jones, Crewdson, and Youatt) will be \$4,118,555, making together a total sum of \$15,136,185.

The following are the aggregate values of Land, Buildings, Machinery, Plant, and Effects, Stocks-in-Trade, and Book Debts of the various Companies above-mentioned, as shown by their respective accounts after making such deductions therefrom as are in the opinion of the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited, fair and reasonable, viz:—

Land, Buildings, Machinery, Plant, and Effects	\$7,006,053 or £1,479,917
Stocks-in-Trade	3,447,051 or 712,390
Book Debts	1,205,424 or 249,121
	\$11,658,528 or £2,409,428

The cost of Trade-Marks, Patent Rights, Goodwill payable to the different Companies and Firms, and Promotion, Negotiating and Completing Purchases, and Formation Expenses, will thus be represented by the sum of \$3,477,657 or £718,715

Making together the before-mentioned amount of \$15,136,185 or £3,128,143

On this basis the Capital of \$18,000,000 (or £3,720,000) will be sufficient for the purchase of all the Shares of Common and Preferred Stocks or Plants and Stocks-in-Trade, and for the payment of all the mortgages and liabilities of the above-mentioned Companies as ascertained as aforesaid, and after providing ample Working Capital, there will remain a surplus of at least \$2,400,000 (or £490,000) available as uncalled Capital in reserve.

The present amalgamation has been brought about and the various options of purchase have been obtained by Mr. John R. Dos Passos, of New York, who is re-selling to this Company at a profit, out of which he will pay all the expenses of and incidental to the formation of this Company.

In consequence of the options to purchase the Shares of the Willimantic Linen Company (which is the largest and most important of the above-mentioned Companies) expiring on the 16th of April last, the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited, advanced \$1,250,000 in cash, and entered into a definite obligation to purchase the Shares in that Company, and they are now re-selling the same to this Company at a profit.

Three of the Directors permanently residing in the United States will be the Executive Committee; and the three Managing Directors of the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited, have been appointed the Governing Committee.

Where practicable, it is intended that at least one partner or one Director in each of the undertakings acquired by the Company shall continue in responsible management.

The individual experience of those actively engaged in directing the various businesses will thus be combined for the benefit of all; but the management of all the businesses will be under one central control, and the disadvantage of carrying on the various processes of Spinning, Doubling, Finishing, and Spooling in each of the mills will be avoided by concentrating in each manufactory the particular work it is best suited to do. This will considerably cheapen production, while on the other hand very large savings will be effected in the expenses of distribution, which have been enormously heavy in the past, not only on account of each one of the thirteen Companies having a separate selling organisation, but also through the keenness of their competition one with another resulting in excessive expenditure in various ways; the free distribution of cabinets and other advertising matter alone amounting to a very large sum.

The Directors reserve to themselves the right, if they think fit, to allow any business or Shares as to which any unforeseen difficulty may arise to be excluded from the sale, the purchase money being in that case proportionately reduced.

Copies or prints of the Certificate of Incorporation and By-Laws of the Company, and a printed draft of the proposed Trust Deed to secure the First Mortgage Gold Bonds, can be seen at the offices of the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors, and at the offices of the Guaranty Trust Company, Nassau and Cedar Streets, New York, and at the offices of the Company.

Stock Exchange settlements and quotations will be applied for in due course.

Applications for the Preferred Shares and First Mortgage Gold Bonds should be made on the forms enclosed with the Prospectus, and be (with the amount of the deposit) forwarded to any of the Bankers of the Company.

If no allotment be made the deposit will be returned in full, and where the number or amount allotted is less than that applied for, the balance will be applied towards the payment due on allotment, and any excess will be returned to the applicant.

Failure to pay any instalment when due in respect of the Bonds and Preferred Shares will render the amount previously paid liable to forfeiture.

Copies of the Prospectus, with Forms of Application, can be obtained at the offices of the Company, the Bankers, the Brokers, the Auditors, or the Solicitors of the Company, or from the English Sewing Cotton Company, Limited, 30, Spring Gardens, Manchester.

New York, November 1898.

NO PROMOTION MONEY HAS BEEN OR WILL BE PAID, AND NO PART OF THE CAPITAL HAS BEEN OR WILL BE UNDERWRITTEN.

The Subscription List is now open, and closes on or before Friday, 2nd December, 1898, for Town and Country.

ROBERT REID AND CO., LIMITED

Incorporated under the Companies' Acts, 1862-1898.

CAPITAL £350,000

DIVIDED INTO

200,000 5½ per cent. Cumulative Preference
Shares of £1 each £200,000
150,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each 150,000
£350,000

Issue of £150,000 4½ per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock, and 200,000 5½ per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, payable by the following instalments—

DEBENTURE STOCK.

10 PER CENT. ON APPLICATION.
30 PER CENT. ON ALLOTMENT.
60 PER CENT. ON 10th JANUARY, 1899.

PREFERENCE SHARES.

2/6 PER SHARE ON APPLICATION.
7/6 PER SHARE ON ALLOTMENT.
10/- PER SHARE ON 10th JANUARY, 1899.

All the Ordinary Shares will be issued to the Vendors in part payment of the Purchase Money.

The Debenture Stock will be secured by a fixed charge on the Freehold and Leasehold Properties of the Company, and a Floating Charge upon the undertaking of the Company, and all its other assets, present and future, in favour of the Trustees for the Debenture Stock Holders, and will be transferable in multiples of £10.

The Trust Deed and the Articles of Association provide that no Mortgage or Charge upon any of the property of the Company shall be created, ranking in priority to the above-mentioned Debenture Stock.

The Debenture Stock is repayable *at par* on the 30th June, 1923, or it may be redeemed in whole or in part by the Company prior to that date, on or after 30th June, 1905, on giving Six Months' previous notice, and payment of a bonus of £10 per cent.

If the Debenture Stock shall at any time become payable owing to the voluntary winding-up of the Company, it shall be redeemable at a value to be calculated according to the average mean market value in London of the Stock during the three years immediately preceding the date when the security becomes enforceable, but so that the value shall not be less than £110 per £100 Stock.

Interest on the Debenture Stock will be paid on the 30th day of June and the 31st day of December in each year. The first Interest, calculated from the dates of the respective instalments, will be paid on the 30th June, 1899.

The Preference Shares will be entitled to a Cumulative Preferential Dividend of 5½ per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, on the 30th June and 31st December in each year; the first payment to be made on the 30th June, 1899, and will also be entitled to rank in respect of Capital in priority to the Ordinary Shares.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Does the present German Empress influence her husband's policy? I have it on very good authority that the distinguished lady takes a hand occasionally in Cabinet politics. When Chancellor von Caprivi resigned in 1892, I am told, she wrote him a note beseeching him to remain in office.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE GERMAN EMPRESS.

Photo by Schaarwachter, Berlin.

sacred articles collected by his family. This exhibition is said to have given great offence to the Empress, whose Protestantism is of the rock-ribbed and unbending kind.

Count Mirbach, the chief man of her Court establishment, is credited with increasing her religious prejudice. At all events, he exercises a strong influence over her in Church Agrarian, and a Bimetallist, Mirbach has gone with his own into the political camp opposed to the Chancellor, who refuses to encourage the fantastic Agrarian demands for a Government grain monopoly, Bimetallism by international agreement, and so on. It is not likely that Mirbach has any determining influence over the Empress's likes and dislikes, but it is certain that whatever influence he possesses does not go into the scales on Hohenlohe's side. Probably he has been but one of the Court clique that has moved heaven and earth to overthrow every fair-minded statesman in power since the Emperor ascended the throne, and to place at the helm some stubborn, reactionary, narrow, and bigoted Tory of the style of Botho zu Eulenburg. In fact, this head of the house of champion Tory office-seekers is regarded with special favour by the Empress; hence, it is said, the reiterated reports of his coming return to the Wilhelmstrasse whenever there is trouble in the Cabinet.

How far the Emperor is influenced by the Empress's prejudices is one of those Court questions that always wait fifty years or more to be answered. She certainly does not dominate his policy. At the same time, she probably gets more satisfaction for her pains than the Empress Augusta got. That sentimental helpmate of the old Emperor was so open in her advocacy of French diplomacy, so gushing in her attentions to the French Ambassadors, so ungracious to Bismarck, and so friendly to every candidate for the Iron Chancellor's shoes, that her husband could adopt no middle course, but boldly ignored her prejudices in every matter of State policy. In a way, the present Empress is better calculated to gain an occasional point with the present Emperor than a woman of the

Empress Augusta's nature would be. She is strong and sensible; she never gushes as did the old Emperor's wife, and she has no sympathy with anybody who doubts that Germany's is the honour, the power, and the glory of all latter-day civilisation.

The late Sir Stuart Knill jocularly remarked on one occasion that, if it were not for the "Stuart," his name would merely be Latin for nothing. He was proud of the "Stuart." It was his mother's maiden name. His maternal grandfather came to London from Kirkmichael, in the upper part of Banffshire, where there are still a considerable number of Roman Catholics; and during his Mayoralty Sir Stuart Knill took a trip there, visiting the scenes of his grandfather's early life, and being greeted in various parts of the country with enthusiasm. His high character and his generosity won for him many friends, even among the strictest Protestants.

Sir Frederick Lacy Robinson, K.C.B., a distinguished member of the London Society of East Anglians, writes to me in reference to some remarks of mine in last week's *Sketch* as follows—

Although I do not expect you to modify the somewhat acidulated tone in which, in your article of yesterday's date, you speak of "Silly Suffolk" and "The East Anglians," in connection with their banquet to Lord Kitchener, I think I may venture to point out to you an inaccurate statement of fact, on which inaccuracy you base some scathing remarks as to the title chosen by his lordship being an extreme example of "bathos." Permit me to call your attention to the fact that the title of this distinguished East Anglian is *not* "of Khartoum and Aspell Hall," but "of Khartoum and Aspell." Even so the "bathos" may perhaps, in the view of superior personages, still "come in." Nevertheless, as the great Lord Nelson did not think it out of place to associate in his title of "Nelson of the Nile" the insignificant village of "Burnham Thorpe, in the County of Norfolk," Lord Kitchener may, perhaps, be able to feel that, in adopting a like course, he has not gone far wrong. Of course, Lord Nelson and Lord Kitchener being both claimable as East Anglians, this may be evidence of the abundant "silliness" prevalent in that region of England. It is noticeable that Lord Napier of Magdala and Carynton offended in the same way by associating with the Abyssinian capital, the scene of his victory, a small hamlet in Cheshire with which he was connected. More "bathos"!

Mr. Chamberlain was in great form the other day when he spoke at Manchester, where he was the guest at Whalley Range of Sir J. W. Maclure, Bart., Member for the Stratford Division of Lancashire. Sir John, who came to his honours only this year, is sixty-three. He is a great Freemason, a good Churchman, and a railway director. His wife is a Surrey woman.

Mr. Chamberlain.

The Marquis of Lorne.

Sir J. W. Maclure.



Mrs. Chamberlain.

Master Sington.

Miss Maclure.

Mrs. Sington.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS HOST, SIR J. W. MACLURE, AT MANCHESTER.

Photo by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Manchester.

B

A somewhat embarrassing incident occurred on Wednesday night while the Chancellor of the Exchequer was addressing the great meeting of Unionists in the Empire Palace Theatre, Edinburgh. The Chancellor in the course of his address had occasion to refer to the speech made on the previous evening by Mr. McEwan, the member for the Central

Division of Edinburgh, and to combat two points then made: (1) that Egypt was of no value to the British taxpayer, and (2) that it was our occupation of Egypt that was responsible for many of our complications with foreign Powers. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach took up and exhausted the first point, and then said he would pass to the next point. But the next point had for the time fled from his memory. He stood for a moment with a puzzled look on his face, and then, turning to the gentlemen beside him, he asked in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard at the reporters' table, "What was the other point?" There was an awkward pause, for the gentlemen appealed to were taken aback, and could not be on the spur of the moment answer. But the position was relieved by the Lord Advocate, who was sitting on the left of the chair, rising and whispering over the table the cue which the Chancellor had so singularly forgotten. The incident was of momentary duration, and only those in the immediate vicinity of the speaker realised that anything was wrong.

The accompanying reproduction of an American theatrical poster needs no comment. But it is strange to see "The Christian" made the genesis of Dives.

THE LENGTHS THAT THEATRICAL
ADVERTISERS IN AMERICA GO TO.

and the other said, "Let's ask our caddie what he knows of George Washington." "Cut down a cherry-tree," said the caddie rather sulkily. "Yes; anything else?" "Wouldn't tell a lie." "All right. And next?" The caddie hung his head and answered with much reluctance, "Whipped the British!" Joy of the American golfer and stupefaction of his companion. "That's what they learn in the Board Schools!" he said indignantly. Next day two more caddies were examined on the same subject. One was not interested, and strolled away. The other pondered a while. "Seem to know the name," he said. "Had another name, hadn't he?" "Yes, the 'Father of his Country.'" "No, 'tain't it. Now I've got it—he kept a public-house down 'Ornsey way!" Gloom of the American, and delight of the Britisher.

I hate the London smoke, but I am a pessimist as to any practicable scheme for banishing it. Very little of it can be traced to the lawlessness of factory owners. It is not the big chimneys that make most of the pall and the dirt, but the little chimneys—the myriads of chimney-stacks that belch out the vapour of the private citizen. Everybody lights fires in winter, and with the smokiest coal. How are you going to coerce some millions of people into using coal that is not smoky? I can see no answer to this question. That is no reason, of course, why every effort should not be made to mitigate the nuisance. But where is the scientific authority who used to tell us that the fogs of this season came from the Essex marshes?

Bismarck used to say that life was worthless without hatred. I am reminded of this pleasing maxim by a story in Sir Edward Hamilton's book on Mr. Gladstone. At the time when that statesman was most vigorously detested by his political opponents, a lady kneeling in church to receive the Sacrament became aware that Mr. Gladstone was kneeling beside her. She promptly rose and moved away. Bismarck would probably have admired her choice of such an occasion for the manifestation of resentment.

The Christmas numbers of the magazines are exceedingly interesting to run through. Its twelve beautiful full-page pictures in colour seem to me (not unnaturally) to place the *English Illustrated Magazine* at the head of the list. The number consists of a hundred and fifty pages, representing thirty-one different items, over and above the coloured plates I have mentioned. There are stories by Mr. Jerome, "Zack,"

Barry Pain, Mr. Maarten Maartens, Miss E. Nesbit, Mr. R. W. Chambers, Mr. J. C. Snaith, and Mr. Richard Pryce. There is verse by Katharine Tynan, Fiona Macleod, and others. Mr. Clement Scott writes about Grimaldi, who made our grandfathers laugh at Christmastide long ago. There is a fully illustrated article on the absorbing Druce Case and the Duke of Portland's family. In fact, there is something to interest everybody. The *Woman at Home* makes a special feature of "Notable Women of the Day," written by Sarah Tooley. We read about Miss Dr. Garrett Anderson, Isabella Bishop, Dr. Sophie Bryant, Lady Butler, Lady Carlisle, Mrs. Emily Crawford, Mrs. Fawcett, and so on. A series of women writers tell us about their "Most Memorable Christmas." The rest is a sheaf of stories, inclusive of an unpublished fragment by Charlotte Brontë. The *Lady's Realm* opens with the true life of the Prince of Wales (while the *Windsor* describes his Royal Highness's Christmas). There are stories by Mary Wilkins, Mr. Crockett, and others. Sir Edwin Arnold contributes a poem. There are many articles of exceptional interest to women. I congratulate my former colleague, Mr. Arthur Hutchinson, on the Christmas Number of the *Windsor Magazine*, which for sheer bulk alone is wonderful, for, in addition to the regular magazine, it gives away a reprint of "Phra the Phœnician," the story by Sir Edwin Arnold's son. There are stories by Marie Corelli, Mr. Kipling, Conan Doyle, Bret Harte, and Mrs. L. T. Meade, and the articles are appropriately Christmassy.

An American friend sends me two stories of the Bishop of Manhattan which are new to me, and may be so to my readers. The Bishop being asked a question with regard to the intelligence of animals, said that the most intelligent beast he had ever heard of was a rattlesnake. This reptile lay, half-crushed by a large stone, in the path of a certain farmer, who rescued the poor creature and placed it carefully out of the path. On a subsequent occasion the snake greeted his preserver with such evident signs of gratitude that he took it home. During the night he was awakened by a terrific uproar, and, on going below, found his new friend holding a burglar fast by the leg, while, through the open window by which the depredator had arrived, it was violently springing its rattle, in the hope of summoning the myrmidons of the law.

The Bishop's sense of humour is further illustrated by his story of a journey in a railway-carriage occupied by betting-men. The "dashi dialect" employed by these gentlemen was not restrained by the presence of the ecclesiastic, who at length found the conversation of so sanguinary a character that he politely interposed with the remark, "Gentlemen, may I beg of you, as a personal favour, to make your conversation a trifle more anæmic?"

The enforcement of the Wild Birds' Protection Acts in Cumberland has been productive of unlooked-for and, by anglers, very undesired results. The salmon-fishing season, which came to a close on Nov. 1st has been one of the worst known for years, and the scarcity of fish is attributed in a measure to the increase in the number of gulls, which now breed on certain lands within the jurisdiction of the West Cumberland Fishery Board. Thirty years ago a Black-headed Gull shot in Eskdale was exhibited as a curiosity; but, if steps are not taken to reduce the myriads now to be found there, it seems as though a salmon taken in a Cumberland river will soon be a curiosity. Salmon-fry are very acceptable to the gull palate, and a colony of a few thousand pairs, each with a hungry family to feed, means a heavy toll on the neighbouring rivers and estuaries. The only remedy is to place the eggs of the species outside the scope of the Act for a few seasons; it is a cruel remedy, but our salmon-fisheries must be preserved.

Here is a curiosity in civilisation. When the news of the Sirdar's success came, a Londoner telegraphed congratulations to one of the

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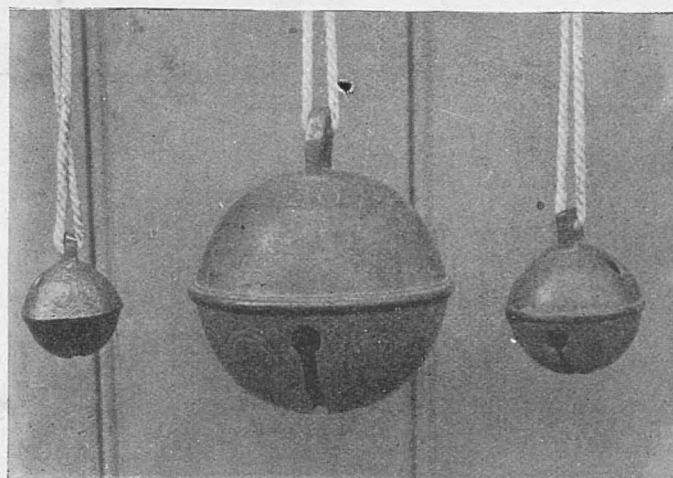
Mary Harris

Landowners in and about beautiful Cimiez should feel uplifted in gratitude to "La Reine Victoria" when their quarterly incomings arrive by post. For it may be said that the Queen discovered this charming locality—in the sense, at all events, of attracting moneyed villa-builders within the royal radius. The new Boulevard Victoria is another result of the Sovereign's valued and valuable propinquity. Its handsome houses on both sides are now rapidly approaching completion in view of the forthcoming Season. Already a number of the well-known elect have arrived and are settling into winter quarters now that the acute stage of the war scare has passed and simmered down into presumably peaceful issues. Sir Richard and Lady Wood are at their prettily placed villa, Major and Mrs. Pulteney, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Meynell also, while Comte and Comtesse de Robiglio, who performed the wheeling feat of coming from Geneva on their bicycles, are again at their smart "appartement" in the Boulevard Victor Hugo.

At Nice shops are being reopened, smart "appartements" are in process of being turned out previous to their occupants turning in, and a general air of the gay returning season is prevalent. Following the hot, dry summer, the Nicois have had deluges of rain which, at least, as an English friend writes home, has had the effect of thoroughly scouring the town, for, as those who know their Nice can attest, it is not alone the smell of violets that hovers about the picturesque ancient quarter of this very old, and very new, but always delightful town. Sir James and Lady Harris are again back at their villa, and Mrs. Langford has already begun to foregather the English colony by means of her pleasant Tuesday receptions. Other homing swallows are the Prince and Princess d'Essling, who have located themselves near the Promenade des Anglais, where their splendid new villa is being built. The Prince will own a house unique even in this place of lovely habitations, for two fine villas, with large, old gardens, have been pulled down to make way for the erection of his lordly pleasure-house, which will not be finished for quite six months.

Signor Egidio Vitali, of 5, Great Winchester Street, City, writes to me, in reference to some photographs of the French vineyards, to remind

bells are used on the downs and moors in the South of England. The specimen here reproduced measures 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in circumference. The other two bells were dug up in Lincolnshire and are late sixteenth century; the larger one measures 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in circumference, and the



BELLS OF A BYGONE AGE.

smaller one 5 in. Bells of the same type, but still smaller, occasionally turn up, and these were used for hawks when each hawk had its bells and the sport of hawking was as general as shooting is now.

While the subject of an alliance between Great Britain and the United States is being discussed, a very substantial bond of steel has been recently formed between the States and the Dominion of Canada. An international trolley-line has been put into operation, running across the Niagara River on a new steel-arch bridge, which has been completed but a short time. The bridge is remarkable in many particulars, it being, among other things, the greatest span of metal ever erected, and its construction involved many engineering difficulties, which were successfully overcome. The trolley-line consists of a double track, and the wires are suspended on attractively designed poles extending through the centre of the structure. The first car to cross from American to Canadian ground was sent over on a recent evening, about seven o'clock, and was attended with a great demonstration, although no such thing had been anticipated. On the car were the officials of the Bridge Company and those of the Niagara Falls Park and River Railway Company, and a prolonged cheer followed the car as it made its first trip over the bridge, the joyous noise coming from the throats of the residents of the cities at the ends of the bridge, who had gathered along the walk for pedestrians at the side.

As the bridge stands in full view of the Falls, the scene from the car is a beautiful one, and the ride will, no doubt, form one of the delightful incidents of a visit to the Falls. The company controlling the franchise is the Niagara Falls Park and River Railway, which same company also operates the road that skirts the bluff along the Canadian side from Chippewa and Queenston, and the bridge-car will not only make connection with the cars of that line, but also with those of the road on the American side. Such a ride as this offers great attraction to the sightseer. The American road follows the very shore-edge of the



GATHERING GRAPES ON THE HIGH ROAD TO POMPEII.

me that his own beloved Italy also cultivates wines that are not unpalatable to British palates. He sends me this photograph. For more than twenty years Signor Vitali, who is a native of Como, has been importing Chianti and other Italian wines into this country.

You may remember that I recently printed a pathetic letter from a sergeant in India who asked me for a remedy against the drink-curse. I have just received a recipe from an M.D. who does not wish his name published. He writes me as follows—

It is as well to say at once that no drugs will avail unless the patient makes up his mind to assist the treatment and has a strong enough will to resist temptation. If he can do this, then he will derive benefit from the enclosed prescription, which will very greatly improve the stomach condition and nervous system—

Tinct. Cinch.	1 oz.
„ Nucis Vom.	2 dr.
„ Calumbæ	1 oz.
„ Capsici	4 dr.
„ Card. Co. ad... ..	3 oz
Fiat mist.	

A teaspoonful in half a wineglass of water three times a-day between meals. It should be regularly taken for six weeks or two months, and then gradually dropped if the craving has gone. He should also return to it if he feels the weakness coming back. It would be really better to put himself in the hands of a good local medical man, who would be sympathetic and give him wise counsel.

Messrs. Pears have published a Christmas Annual, as usual. The whole number is composed of a very fine story by R. E. Francillon, entitled, "Who Fears to Speak of '98?"; the scene being, of course, laid in Ireland at the time of the great Irish rising. The illustrations to it are by Mr. Frank Dadd. There are three plates reproduced in colours, one of them being "The Captain of the Eleven," by the late P. H. Calderon, R.A. The others are "Naughty Polly!" and "The Sunny South." Altogether, it is a wonderful shilling's-worth.

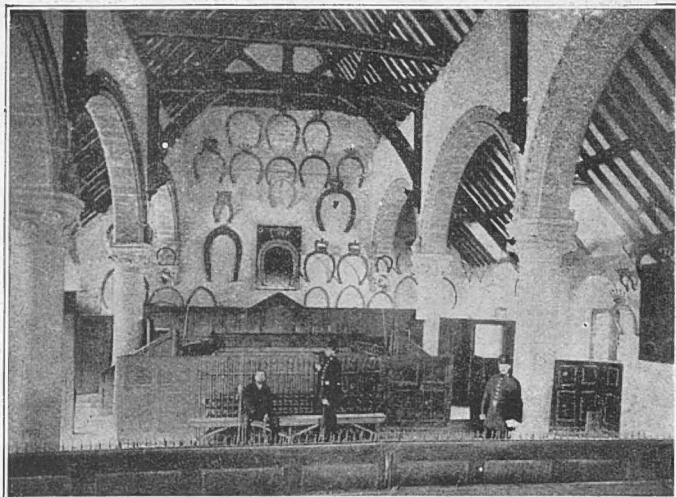
Changes take place but slowly in some ways. The largest bell in this illustration is a modern one bought last year in Hampshire. These



INTERNATIONAL TROLLEY-LINE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

torrent, and, as one dashes along in the car, it is not an infrequent experience to feel the spray from the whirling eddies, while on the other side the road is built along the edge of a high bluff. Both roads run from the Falls the entire length of the river to Lake Ontario.

Archæologically, there are few towns in this country so interesting as the little capital of Rutland, Oakham. One of the great features of the place is the Castle, which is unique for its quaint collection of horseshoes. According to ancient custom, every peer of the realm visiting Rutlandshire for the first time is obliged to give to the authorities a



HORSESHOES IN OAKHAM CASTLE.

horseshoe, "to be nailed to the Castle gates." If he refuses, the bailiff of the Manor has power to arrest him in his progress, and take a shoe from his horse's hoof. To avoid the exercise of this extraordinary prerogative, it is the custom to give the bailiff a sum of money with which an ornamental horseshoe is purchased and placed on the Castle walls, with the name of the donor underneath. At the present time the walls are covered with memorials of Princes and peers who have paid tribute to the custom of the county.

Our summery November has been brought to a close by a sharp snap of winter, but the extraordinary mildness of the month a week or two since is prettily described in the following sonnet sent to me by a friend (recently recovered from a severe illness), which he has called "My Winter Garden"—

In mid-November, with no Winter smart,
My garden showed me a rare Summer sight;
Sweet gems which Summer sends to cheer the heart
Lent their late glow to shut out Winter's might—
Roses, white jessamine, shy daisies pied,
Sweet honeysuckle, and e'en apple-bloom,
Each one with other in their fair strength vied
To draw the senses from grey Winter's gloom.
Spring airs which stir earth's jewels my heart stir,
And b'd it think that Death, who seemed so nigh,
Is held aloof by Love, who doth defer
Death's latest breath, granting instead his sigh.
So, armed with Summer's sweetness and Love's strength,
I face drear Winter and his shortened length.

The spectacle of a disconsolate and destitute old lady wandering in the London streets, with her fortune, consisting of five Turkish bonds of the nominal total value of £100, on which the magnificent interest of one per cent. is paid, should surely move the heart of even "Abdul the Damned" (as Mr. William Watson, I think, once politely dubbed him) to pity. This miserable capitalist was certainly charmingly sympathetic with the Sultan. She made allowances for him, in spite of his shortcomings in the matter of his allowances to her, and seemed to consider that they were both members of that unfortunate class who "have seen better days." I fear her sanguine expectations as to a renewal of the palmy days before the conversion of Turks (I mean securities, not Sultans) are hardly likely to be realised. In the meantime, I am glad to note that the magistrate before whom she appeared has charge of the poor lady's modest fortune. Perhaps "my friend William," or that admirer of things Oriental, the great Sir Ellis, would like to pay this unfortunate female the original sum invested in her desirable possession.

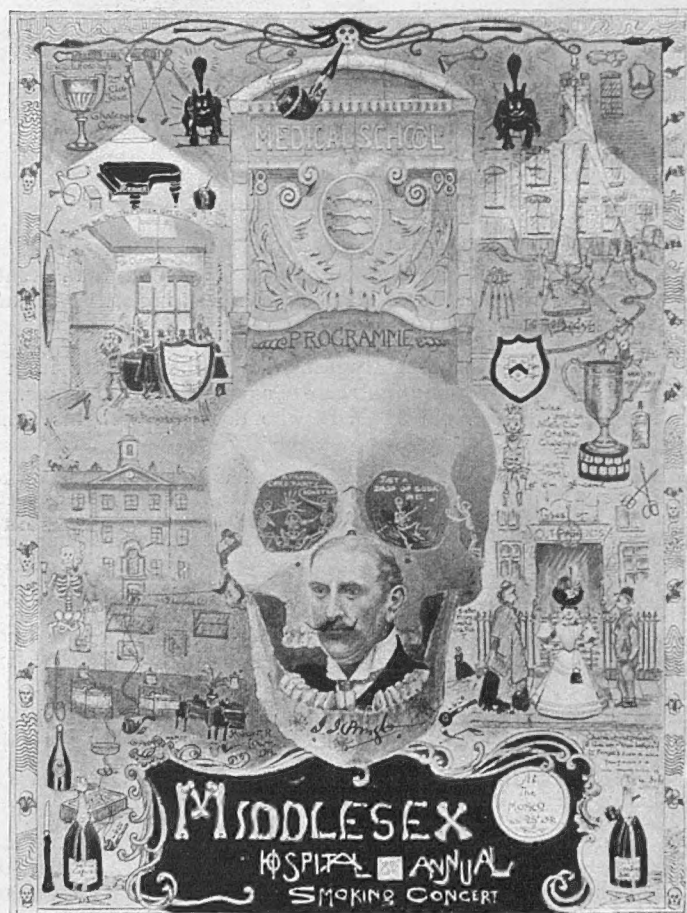
The French Academy distributes every year 62,700 francs in prizes for virtue, and on these occasions always makes a wry face and pronounces an eloquent discourse. There is, in fact, an incongruity in the act of rewarding virtue with money, of proportioning a fixed sum between a number of persons in ratio to the presumed value of their good deeds, that is almost ludicrous; and the grave Academy finds it hard that fate should have imposed it upon them. The M. Montyon who founded the prize has the reputation of having "played it low down" on the Academy. It is said that, being ambitious and having no qualities that could recommend him to a membership in the honourable body, but the contrary, he deliberately and maliciously charged them with this prize, to the end of obliging them to attach his name there in spite of themselves, when the most part of the real Immortals should be forgotten. In which design he has had very good success, for it is sixty years since he died. On the other hand, the celebration of virtue is a beautiful theme for the orator. It was entrusted to

Pierre Loti this year, and the beauty of his discourse, in which this believer quoted magnificently St. Paul, made the dew of charity seem to fall from the very cupola upon the Immortals themselves, and was worth to him one of the successes of his life.

Whatever M. Montyon's intentions were, he has forced his country to keep a sort of records that are, perhaps, unique in the world—the records of the public virtue. Other countries have their archives of evil deeds, carefully preserved by the law courts, but where else will you find noble deeds and acts of self-sacrifice publicly filed away? Carefully classed in alphabetic order for nearly two-thirds of a century, they now fill a vast hall to almost overflowing. Anybody may consult them. The orator of last year asked why the novelists and playwrights do not come to these files for their human documents instead of going to seek them in the chronicles of scandal. The question is pertinent. A certain kind of French literature would make one suppose that France is a sink of iniquity; but, seeing that these annals of virtue exist, such as the writers of no other country have at their convenience, it appears, and for the honour of France, that the fashionable French writers wallow in the stables of Augeas by choice.

The great excitement of last week in New York sporting circles—there really are sporting circles in New York—was Tod Sloan's return. By all accounts he has taken away over half-a-million dollars. A souvenir surely of such practical import as should be sufficient to swamp all professional differences in a very sea of the milk of human kindness. Tod Sloan will remain across the herring-pond for a few months, probably until March, but will not ride in his native country, being under contract to Lord William Beresford, and a still more distinguished and royal sportsman, to keep to certain well-known colours for a period "not exceeding two years." Sloan's mounts should, therefore, certainly repay a little attention for the Spring Handicaps.

Years ago, when I lived in a university town, I was well acquainted with the whole practice and philosophy of the medical student. His great quality, as a citizen, is unfailing spirits, possibly as an offset to the dreary side of his studies. London, however, is so big that the medical student plays a very small part. And yet he breaks into merriment now and again, as he did at the Monico on Friday evening, when the Middlesex Hospital students held their eighth annual smoking concert, under the chairmanship of Dr. Pringle—whom I once met at Bayreuth, for he is a rabid Wagnerite. Amid wreaths of smoke and the jingling of glasses, everybody was happy, and the music was unusually good. That is as it should be, for a doctor should always be a social man. Therein lies half

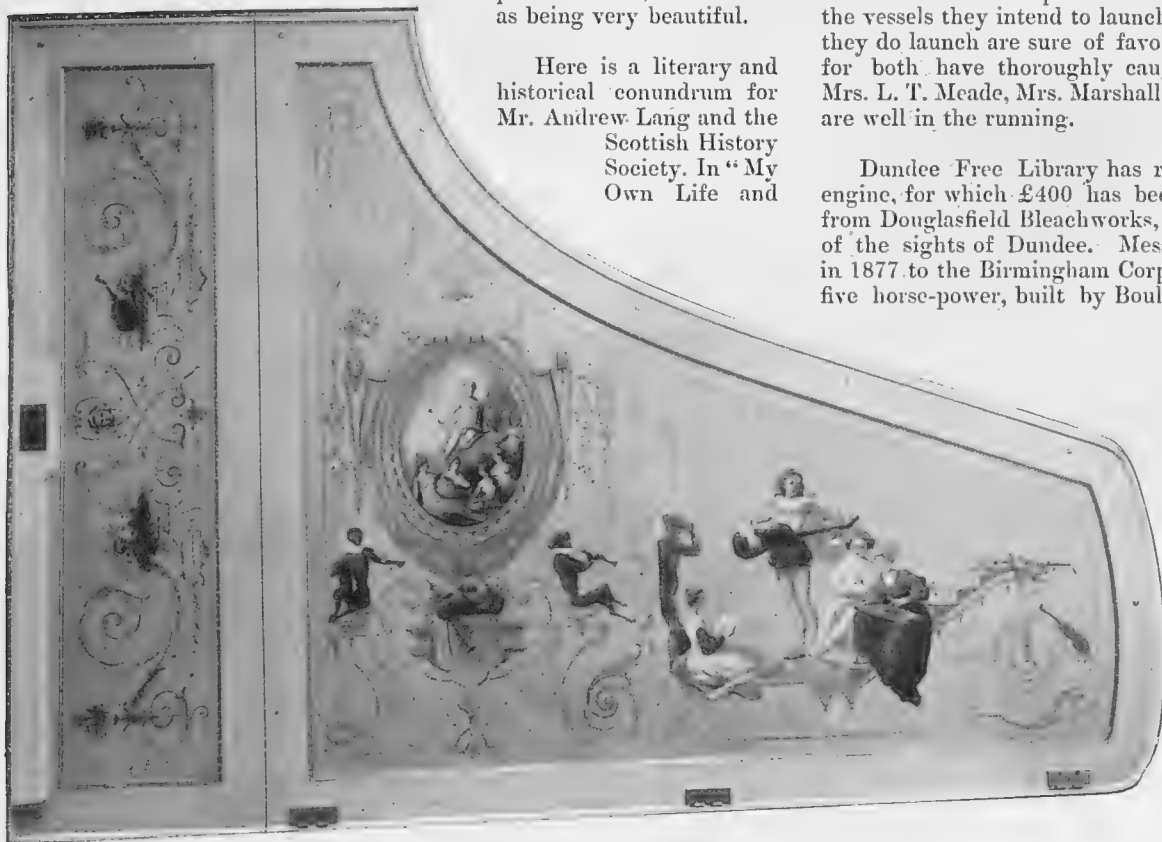


AN INGENIOUS PROGRAMME DESIGNED BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

his ability to cure. I have known a doctor, with an extraordinary reputation for academic scholarship, prove a sheer death's-head as a healer of men. The Middlesex men know better. They cultivate the arts, as you will see from the ingenious programme which was designed by one of them.

Messrs. S. and P. Erard, the well-known pianoforte manufacturers of Great Marlborough Street, have in their possession a magnificent Louis XVI. grand piano, richly decorated. It is carved in solid wood, relieved with gold, the case being in ivory-coloured enamel. The decorated lid, which I reproduce here, struck me as being very beautiful.

Here is a literary and historical conundrum for Mr. Andrew Lang and the Scottish History Society. In "My Own Life and



A GORGEOUS GRAND-PIANO LID MADE IN THE TIME OF LOUIS XVI.

"Times, 1741-1814," by Dr. Thomas Sommerville, Jedburgh (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1861), there is a reference to Dr. Jardine, minister of the Iron Church, Edinburgh, who composed a History of the Rebellion of 1745. It is there stated that the reason for the delay in its publication was because Dr. Jardine had received such evidence of the "wanton cruelties perpetrated by the Duke of Cumberland and his officers after the Battle of Culloden, that it must have been highly offensive to publish his History during the Duke's life." But has this History ever been published? Dr. T. G. Law, the learned Secretary of the Scottish History Society, knows it not. Has Mr. W. B. Blaikie, who is at present engaged on a History of the '45, ever heard of it either? The materials for such a History have been greatly multiplied of late. Not only have we had Mr. Lang's "Pickle the Spy," but its sequel, "The Companions of Pickle." A recent and valuable contribution was the Journal of Murray of Broughton, and earlier, "The Lyon in Mourning," a quarry of the first importance for all historians of the movement, and which Robert Chambers drew upon for his excellent "History of the Rebellion." It was announced in *Literature* some time ago that Mr. D. W. Stewart, author of the standard book on Clan Tartans, had picked up, from among some rubbish at the sale of Mr. Stillie, bookseller, Edinburgh, a Journal in manuscript bearing on the '45. It had in Mr. Stillie's handwriting a memorandum that it was the work of Professor Mackie (?), of Edinburgh University. Mr. Lang has seen the manuscript, but is there any confirmation that this is indeed the work of Professor Mackie? May it not be the missing Journal of Dr. Jardine? Mr. Blaikie might throw some light on the subject if he cared!

Writers for the young are seldom millionaires. R. M. Ballantyne, in spite of his great popularity, and after a lifetime's hard work in the production of more than eighty volumes of excellent juvenile fiction, had, I am afraid, but a slender balance at his banker's on his death at Rome in 1894. Ascott R. Hope, when we first came across him about

thirty-two years ago, was writing under his own name of Robert Hope Moncrieff, and must have produced since then as many volumes as "Ballantyne the Brave," but he had scarce the best of it. But there is no doubt about Mr. G. A. Henty and Mr. G. Manville Fenn, who are kept as busy as Satan is supposed to be weaving fiction for young folks. No sooner is one season provided for than the keels must be laid down for the vessels they intend to launch on next year's sea of literature. What they do launch are sure of favourable winds and a prosperous voyage, for both have thoroughly caught the necessary breeze of popularity. Mrs. L. T. Meade, Mrs. Marshall, E. Everett Greene, and a few others only are well in the running.

Dundee Free Library has received the gift of a Boulton and Watt engine, for which £400 has been paid by the donor. It was acquired from Douglasfield Bleachworks, and hereafter will take its place as one of the sights of Dundee. Messrs. Whitbread and Co., London, offered in 1877 to the Birmingham Corporation Art Gallery an engine of thirty-five horse-power, built by Boulton and Watt in 1785. James Watt's house at Heathfield, now a suburb of Birmingham, when occupied by Mr. George Tangye, the well-known engineer, had its Watt Room—an attic where the famous inventor was perfectly happy with his lathe, bench, and tools. There is another interesting Watt engine at the Kelvingrove Museum, Glasgow.

What injury is there that the perfidious children of Albion have not inflicted upon their neighbours on the other side of the Channel? The fiendish malice and perseverance we employ in carrying out our schemes is incredible! We try to sap the foundations of every single institution. Not even the theatre has escaped our malevolence. Owing to the late hour at which performances finish in Paris, a great number of people prefer to dispense with going to the theatre, altogether, except on

Saturday night, when there is a prospect of being able to rest from their labours on the following day. "Why don't you commence earlier?" say the critics, when the managers complain of this state of affairs. "Impossible!" is the emphatic reply; "we must wait until the dinner-hour is over." The reader is perhaps wondering what England has to do with all this. Let him know, then, that the practice of dining late was adopted from us. Louis XII. used to dine at eight o'clock in the morning, and by six o'clock in the evening had retired for the night. After his marriage, his wife persuaded him to dine at midday and go to bed at midnight, the result being that he caught a fever and died in two months. Ever since then the dinner-hour has gone on getting later and later. Still the reader does not grasp the connection. I will tell him, then: the wife of Louis XII. was an English Princess!



THE NORWICH CHRISTMAS SHOW OF CATTLE.

Miss Jennie McNulty has made a "hit" in her latest part. In the evenings she will be found in "A Greek Slave," at Daly's, but in the forenoons of the early days of last week she dispelled the gloom of the Law Courts by her appearance as a plaintiff against Mr. Daniel Jay, money-lender. She came from America some years ago, and in October 1894 she married Mr. William Victor Paulet. One day she went to America, on account of the illness of her father, and was absent from this country for some months. On her return she found that her goods had been removed and sold, on account of a debt due to Mr. Jay by her husband, and not by herself, through the agents of a firm of auctioneers, the other defendants. She now claimed damages in respect of these transactions, and there was a counter-claim on account of money due to Mr. Jay by the plaintiff herself. It was a pretty sordid case, but the McNulty triumphed, for the jury, having considered the matter for forty minutes, gave a verdict for her for £1090, less £90, due to the defendants on the counter-claim.



MISS JENNIE McNULTY.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

It seems likely that the Empire, Alhambra, and Palace will soon have to reckon with a very dangerous competitor. Messrs. Moss and Thornton will shortly have their Hippodrome within a stone's throw of the three great houses named, and, should that Hippodrome develop into a variety theatre, the houses already established may look to their laurels. Londoners do not readily realise the advantage that Messrs. Moss and Thornton enjoy. They can engage an artist for six months at a stretch, sending him or her from London to all the houses attached to the Moss and Thornton tour. Now the best artist in England will come down in price if a six months' engagement is mooted, and thus the newcomers will be able to take talent right off the London market with less outlay than any competing house must incur for a month's turn. In the circles where music-hall matters are keenly discussed as affairs of deep interest, the arrival of the Moss and Thornton management is contemplated with undisguised anxiety. I have heard it stated that one of the three existing variety palaces will go to the wall.

Mr. Thomas Greene is the oldest colonist of Natal; indeed, probably in her Majesty's Colonies. He was born in County Cavan, and began life as a mason. Joining the 45th Regiment, he arrived in Natal on May 16, 1843, after which he was transferred to the Royal Engineers. His wife was sister of Richard King, the hero famous for his ride of six hundred miles, accomplished in seven days, during one of which he had to lie in the veldt through fever. This was in 1842, and his journey was undertaken to bring aid to the English, who were likely to have had the

worst of it from the Boers; in fact, it was as a result of this remarkable feat that the British gained their ascendancy in Natal. (See Russell's "Natal.") Mr. Greene, who is now eighty-three years old, naturally has seen many and great changes in Natal. He has seen an elephant shot where now is almost the centre of Durban, and heard lions, leopards, &c., on the Berea, now the fashionable suburb of that town. He is hale and vigorous, and his faculties are in no wise impaired—in fact, he looks fit for another twenty years to come. He took up the game of billiards when seventy years old, and now and without spectacles plays a very good game, as many have had to acknowledge to their cost. Mr. Greene has numerous children and grandchildren, in number about sixty, of whom the youngest scion is here represented on his knee. Mr. Greene is esteemed and looked up to



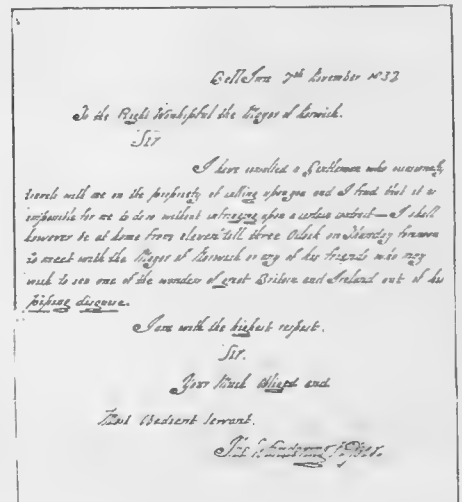
THIS IS THE OLDEST COLONIST IN NATAL, WITH HIS GRANDCHILD.

by all members of the community, and Natal is proud of her Grand Old Man. Mr. Greene also, by special request of the Governor, led her Majesty's Jubilee Procession in Durban last year. Mr. Greene lives at Verulam with his son-in-law, Mr. Wakefield. When he left the Army he followed his business of mason and builder, but is now retired.

A curious ancient custom, that of "weighing in" a Mayor and Corporation, survives in the borough of High Wycombe—the only place in the kingdom where the custom still prevails—and was observed there lately in connection with the election of the Chief Magistrate. The weighing operation takes place in the vestibule of the Town Hall, under the superintendence of the Head Constable. This year, strangely enough, everyone present weighed less than on the occasion of the ceremony a twelvemonth ago, and one of the portly sergeants of police, whose boast it was that he had recently turned nineteen stone, was not a little chagrined when he discovered that the scales indicated his weight as barely eighteen stone.

The globe-trotting exploits of the man William Baldwin, who has been completing, under remarkable circumstances, a walking tour round the world for a wager of 20,000 dollars, finds a curious parallel in the task which was undertaken by an even greater celebrity in his day, the "Wandering Piper." In this case also the inducement took the form of a wager, amounting to £5000, the point at issue which arose in the year 1825 between the "Wandering Piper" and a friend, Count Bender, whom he met in London, being the nature and extent of hospitality displayed by different nations. Eventually it was decided, in order to put the question to the test, that each should set out in disguise, Count Bender proceeding through France and Belgium as an itinerant fiddler, and the other through the United Kingdom in the garb of a piper. It was a condition of the contest that each was to start without money, and that the one who, as the result of unsolicited charity, had the most in the end was to be adjudged the winner.

From various causes, however, among which was the unbending opposition of the Piper's uncle, who occupied an official position of much importance, a start was not effected until three years later, when, on the death of the disgusted relative, the one took his departure from Calais and the other from Stonehaven. Even then an accident to a stage-coach in the Emerald Isle caused a further delay of fifteen months, during which the Piper received every care and attention at the residence of Sir Thomas Butler, Bart., in County Carlow. Towards the end of October he arrived in Norwich, where his quaint costume and even quainter performances created almost as much interest for the time being as those of Snap himself. He took lodgings at the Bell Inn, and there as elsewhere he gave his entertainments, the proceeds of most of which, paradoxical though it may seem, he handed over to local charities. I give herewith a facsimile of the autograph letter in which he announced his arrival to the Chief Magistrate of the city for the year in question.



The sudden closing of a well-known supper-club and the great increase of police supervision at other houses still remaining open are not easy to explain. I am quite willing to agree that clubs of whose *bona fides* grave doubts exist should be carefully watched, and promptly suppressed when evidence is forthcoming, but I cannot understand why the powers will be moral by fits and starts. Lord Macaulay once made a remark to the effect that England always looks at her worst in her bad periodical fits of morality, and I realise the truth of the statement at regular intervals. If a club is a nuisance in the year 1900, why should it be allowed to remain a nuisance until 1905, and why should it be suppressed then? There ought to be no delay in dealing with such places as dubious clubs. If they are indictable, they should be indicted before they are three months old. The police know all there is to know about a club within a fortnight of its inception, and if they wait for years to deal with it, they lay themselves open to suspicions that may well be unmerited, but are very unpleasant. The police are, to say the least, unwise to treat a club as a cat treats a mouse.

How many people are dependent on the making of flags for their livelihood? It would be difficult to say off-hand, but a census on the subject has been taken in the United States, born of the universal use of flags since the commencement of the war. This shows that about half-a-million of the population live directly out of the proceeds of flag-making. The factories, for the most part, are in Philadelphia and in the New England States. Five million flags have hitherto been the annual output, but during the last six or eight months the demand has been so great that the supply has gone up tremendously, and a conservative estimate states that at least one individual in every five, or about twenty per cent. of the population, is the proud possessor of the Stars and Stripes. The craze has been so great, indeed, that the supply of bunting has given out on more than one occasion, and famine prices were paid for flags by individuals who insisted on having them for decorative purposes.

Mr. Henry Stevens got into the clothes of a Charles the First Cavalier the other evening for the Fancy-Dress Ball at Covent Garden, and then he sat down before his own camera and took his own portrait. He operates the shutter of the lens by means of a long tube, the pneumatic ball of which is held in his left hand. Mr. Stevens is well known as a successful amateur photographer, having not only won the first prize in the *Graphic* competition for his picture "Worn-Out," but gold and silver medals at most of the principal exhibitions held in England and on the Continent.

The decision of the Secretary of State for India not to grant the "frontier medal" to the soldiers engaged in the recent Mekran expedition seems quite indefensible. It may be remembered that Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Mayne, with a small force of two hundred men of the 3rd Baluch Battalion, two mountain-guns, and a troop of horse, met and decisively defeated 1300 rebels led by Baluch Khan, the most notorious and daring free-booter on the Perso-Baluch frontier. Colonel Mayne, with his little army, left Kurrachee at a few hours' notice for the Mekran coast, and, after an arduous march through an almost waterless country, and with endless difficulties in the matters of supply and transport, suppressed a rebellion that at one time threatened to seriously embarrass the Indian Government, which had then the North-West troubles in hand. As showing the character of the fighting, it may be mentioned that Baluch Khan, with the remnant of his force, perished in a last desperate charge on Colonel Mayne's infantry. Yet, though the officers are accorded the privilege of having their services entered as "war service" in all records, the rank-and-file get nothing, although it is notorious that the "frontier medal" has been distributed in other directions perhaps too lavishly.

The promptitude with which the medals struck by the Egyptian Government have been presented to the British troops engaged in the late campaign is in striking contrast to the procedure of our own War Office. In many instances it is years after the conclusion of a campaign before those Tommies who have remained in the service get their decorations, and many have not only left the Army, but have gone where decorations are hardly necessary. But as a record for dilatoriness the Canadian medal which has just been approved by the Dominion Minister of Militia, and forwarded to the Secretary of State for War for submission to the Queen, will take some beating. The medal is a "general service" one, and three clasps have been submitted, namely, for the "Fenian Raid, 1866"; "Fenian Raid, 1870"; and "Red River, 1870." It is stated that "all survivors who were actually employed in any of these mobilisations will be entitled to the medal," and a Special Committee at Ottawa will consider the legality of claims.

The list of honours for the Khartoum Expedition published in the *Gazette* contains one or two innovations. Never before have "prospective promotions" been published. Then, too, it is quite a new departure—and a very popular one—to publish the names of warrant-officers, non-coms., and privates who have received, or are about to receive, the medal for distinguished service in the field. Among the promotions one of the most curious is that of a Veterinary-Lieutenant, who became a Captain on the 16th inst., just twelve days before he

would have attained that rank had he rendered no special service. His only reward appears to be that he is promoted "for service in the field."

Quartermaster and Honorary Lieutenant A. P. Yeadon, of the Cameron Highlanders, whose promotion to Honorary Captain is gazetted in the list of Soudan honours, has nineteen years' Army service to his credit. Captain Yeadon was born in Elgin, and enlisted into the Royal Scots Fusiliers at Ayr. Desirous of foreign service, he was transferred to the Cameron Highlanders, accompanied this regiment to Egypt, was present as a non-commissioned officer at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and subsequently formed one of the detachments stationed for outpost duty at Kurosko. For this campaign he received the Egyptian medal and Khedive's star. His Egyptian service covers a period of eight years. As recently as March last Captain Yeadon received his commission as lieutenant, so that his advance has been remarkably rapid.

If anything will promote recruiting for the Army, the Soudan honours list should do it. It shows that the saying that every soldier carries a bâton in his knapsack is a sober fact. Many years ago, there was a private in the Gordon Highlanders named MacDonald. Gradually he rose, step by step, from a private to the commissioned ranks. Eighteen years ago he was a non-commissioned officer; to-day he is Colonel H. A. MacDonald, of the Royal Fusiliers, one of the heroes of the Battle of Omdurman, and now an A.D.C. to the Queen. He has risen from the ranks, and he still has a future before him. In a little town down in Devonshire his brother has a small chemist's shop. But this is not the only encouragement that the Soudan honours list has for the raw recruit. No less than seventy-four non-commissioned officers and men have been granted medals for distinguished conduct in the field.

The *Formidable*, which has just been launched at Portsmouth, is the biggest ship in the British Navy. When she has all guns and equipment on board she will displace 15,000 tons. As recently as March last her keel-plate was laid, and now she is afloat. The *Formidable* comes of good stock. Her immediate predecessor is a seventy-year-old wooden wall that has for many years acted as an industrial training-ship at Bristol. The new *Formidable* will rank high in the list of modern warships for she is not only well-armoured,

but powerfully armed, and will have a speed of over eighteen knots, the steam being produced by twenty water-tube boilers.

Lord Walter Kerr, who is regarded as favourite for the position of First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, has already had considerable experience of official life at Whitehall. In 1892 he was appointed Second Naval Lord. But he is best known in Naval circles as a good sailor and commander. Before he went to the Admiralty he served as second in command of the Mediterranean Squadron. For over two years he has been unemployed.

The real King of Crete is Admiral Noel—or Sir Gerard H. U. Noel, as he is now. While almost every Admiral of note is a K.C.B., there are only two K.C.M.G.'s among all the sixty-eight flag-officers of the Navy, and these two are Sir Gerard Noel and Sir Robert H. Harris, two of the youngest Admirals, both of whom won their honours in Crete.



THIS PICTURE OF MR. HENRY STEVENS WAS TAKEN BY HIMSELF.

Mrs. Harold Baring is another beautiful American woman to be added to the ranks of English Society, and one of the most brilliant of all who have married English husbands. She did not bring her husband the millions which American girls usually do, but her face is her fortune, and her cleverness and charm are better than millions; besides, her



MRS. HAROLD BARING.
Photo by Dupont, New York.

husband is in no need of more wealth, as he belongs to one of the most opulent families in the British Empire. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Baring arrived in London on Nov. 23, and will remain at the Hotel Cecil for a short time, after which they will go on a round of visits. Mrs. Baring was Miss Marie Churchill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Churchill, of New York. She belongs to the most exclusive set of "Gotham" society, and has been regarded as a belle and a beauty ever since her début three years ago. She is a great friend of the Duchess of Marlborough, and was an associate of her Grace when quite a young child. Mrs. Baring's mother was a famous beauty, and is still a very handsome and youthful woman, looking much more like Mrs. Baring's sister than her mother. The marriage was the result of a love-match, Mr. Baring having fallen deeply in love with his bride at their first meeting.

Mrs. Baring's trousseau is exquisitely beautiful, for she has the American love for dress, together with the proverbial taste of her countrywomen. Her jewels are magnificent, for her family has long been one of fine position and considerable wealth, and she has inherited many of great beauty. Her pearls are especially fine, and she has numerous strings of them. The bride is quite familiar with London Society, as she has visited here many times, and has numerous friends among the nobility. She has visited the Duchess of Marlborough at Blenheim, and was presented at Court several seasons ago.

Madame Sophie Davis is one of the best-known mandolinists. You have probably heard her (as a soloist) at a big dinner, or perhaps you have seen the band of thirty ladies enchant an audience at a concert. She is also a well-known teacher of the mandoline. Madame Harris is a clever banjoist as well.

Miss Yaw is a notable soprano, who made her first appearance on the London concert-platform last September. Her compass of four octaves, and the purity and flexibility of her voice, attracted her audience immediately. Miss Yaw was born in New York State, and comes of a very musical family, her parents, three brothers, and two sisters all having excellent voices, but she is the only one that has turned it to professional account. She sang at a concert when only seven years of age, and was in constant request after her first appearance. The only musical instruction she received at this time was at a singing school, attended by about a hundred children, where she took part in choruses, and occasionally sang solos, the words of which had to be taught her, as she could not then read. The first real hit made by the singer was when she was fourteen years of age, and sang at a concert in New Buffalo, dressed in a little striped cotton frock and a large sun-bonnet. "Down in Maine" her quaint appearance, the childlike face with its aureole of golden hair, and bird-like voice, made a tremendous sensation, and elicited bursts of applause that quite frightened the little maid.

After this her musical studies commenced, first under a Swede in New York, afterwards with Mrs. Theodore Bjorkstein, who finally took her pupil to Paris, where she had lessons from Delle Sedie and Bax for four months. Miss Yaw sings at the Scotch Concert at the Albert Hall to-night.

In my Literary Supplement I deal with books for children. It is a curious thing that many of the best writers for little folk have been bachelors—witness Lewis Carroll and R. L. Stevenson. Bachelor grown-ups, too, are the keenest enthusiasts, I think, over children's books. I know one young man who actually collects books for children, and it is to him I am indebted for these verses—

I sit with an Alphabet spread on my lap,
In front of the jolliest fire;
And I think I'm a dear little bit of a chap,
With nothing for which I aspire.
A stands for Ambition—but that is a creed
Which hardly affects me to-night as I read.
A stands for my Ark,
Or the Ash in the Park
Where nurse used to drive me about like a steed.
And B stands for Business, and yet for to-night
I think not of worrying shares;
It stands for a book that is simple and bright,
And never has lit'rary airs.
It isn't a novel that's spicily sexed,
It hasn't a problem to make me perplexed;
It's simple and sweet,
And it's strictly discreet,
With a nice little moral worked out in the text.
And here are the story-books coloured by Crane—
Red Riding Hood's life, and the rest;
I buy them each Christmas from dear Mr. Lane,
And ponder them over with zest.
Red Riding Hood's gown is the brightest of red,
When she comes to see Grandmamma lying in bed;
And the wolf is as wild
As I thought when a child
And wept when I feared that the maid might be dead.
The pictures are quaint in their glorious paint;
The verse, though it scarcely will scan,
Is free from the least intellectual taint
That worries the life of a man.
So that's why it is that I never can tire—
As I sit by my beautiful bachelor fire—
Of the books Santa Claus
Improvises and draws,
For I think I am one of the pinafores choir.

Mrs. Crawford, the Paris correspondent of *Truth*, was responsible for stating in that journal that the gentleman who gave his name as Langworthy, and who committed suicide in Paris soon after the death of Mrs. Langworthy, was not the real Mr. Langworthy. On the strength of this statement, one or two papers have made merry over the title that



MISS YAW, THE NEW SOPRANO, AND HER DOG.

I gave the incident a week or two ago—"In death they were not divided." *Truth* has, however, since discovered that it was the genuine Mr. Langworthy who committed suicide soon after his wife's death, and hence my account of the matter was absolutely correct.



MADAME SOPHIE DAVIS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The recent epidemic of plays founded on novels has led to much discussion as to the propriety of dramatising other people's tales, whether it should be done at all, and, if so, on what terms. And this is by no means a simple question. Besides the legal aspect of the matter, which in itself is sufficiently doubtful, there is a moral and literary aspect, not by any means coinciding with the legal position. Should there be any copyright in ideas, and, if so, how long? Should material alteration of the story be permitted, or should the author have a right of veto? Should foreign novelists be protected from dramatisation, and, if so, for how long?

The law in England is admittedly defective and unsatisfactory. The current of legal opinion seems to tend towards increasing the rights of authors. But, as far as case-law goes, a dramatist can take the plot of a story with very little fear of being called to legal account, provided he acknowledges the source of the idea. If he also takes the actual dialogue, he may be dropped on; but there are ways of evading this attack, which is itself a subterfuge, in the form in which it has hitherto been practised. For the aggrieved party is not the author, but the publisher, and the dramatist is sued not for stealing another person's brains, but for multiplying unauthorised copies of part of a copyright novel!

It seems evident that the novelist gets very little protection. For except in the case of certain authors, like Mr. Anthony Hope, who have the power of writing really dramatic dialogue with "snap" to it, the dialogue of a story is precisely what an experienced dramatist does not want to take. It is generally conceived in too low a key of colour (to use a permitted mixture of metaphor) for the stage. The delicate shades of meaning which come out when we are quietly reading, and which can, moreover, be brought out by appropriate psychological explanation, are bleached into blankness by the traditional "glare of the footlights." Melodramatic talk like that of—well, certain popular authors—can be flung on the stage, as a matter of convenience, with little alteration; but it would be easy enough for a practised hand to re-write the dialogue entirely, and nobody would remember that it was not in the book. The authors whose words are remembered, apart from their story and situations, are few indeed.

A certain moral obligation has sprung up, however, by which the author is recognised as having the right to dramatise his novel, or to dispose of it for the purpose. Dramatists can legally deny this right; but they are generally inferior pirates, and what they take is not worth much to them, and fails to interfere with the authorised version. So far, so good; it is obviously right that, when a work is "booming," the author should have all the profit of the "boom." If the play founded on a popular novel succeeds on the stage, it is because of the merits and fortune of the novel. In America, for instance, almost any popular novel seems to admit of a profitable stage version—and what versions, sometimes, good Heavens! In England the same phenomenon is seen, though to a smaller extent. In such cases the author practically uses the theatre as a popular magazine in which to publish his story as an illustrated serial. The turning of the well-known novel of the year into the play of the next year belongs to journalism rather than to drama. It is done partly, no doubt, because the story has dramatic qualities; but chiefly because the theatre-going public already knows something of the plot and takes an interest in the characters. The interest felt in a Shakspeare performance is largely that of curiosity as to how the manager and his company will treat a known piece; the adaptation of a novel for the stage has in it the added curiosity as to how the familiar plot will be turned and twisted and altered to suit the theatre. But the novel is the chief thing; the drama exists merely because the novel is popular, and, therefore, the novelist ought to have the lion's share of the reward. It is part of his popularity.

But when the novel is one of fairly old standing—a foreign tale, let us say, or one never very widely sold—the case seems different. If the story is out of copyright, any man can take it, obviously; for the greater rights must take the less with them when they expire. But suppose for a moment that the tale has been dramatised without success, or with a success that is over; suppose it is a foreign story, not well known, or not even translated; or suppose it has never been dramatised at all for a number of years. In this case, the dramatic author wishes to make a play out of the novel simply because he finds it suitable for dramatic purposes. The author has not used it for the stage, or has done so, and either failed or finished the run. Is he or his authorised adapter to hold the field exclusively against all who wish to use his story?

That there should be dramatic rights in a novel and that they should be vested in the author is hardly doubted; but it would be quite fair to make those rights run out in a much shorter time than the publishing copyright. For the popular novel must be dramatised while still talked about, if the play is to be popular by its subject. If its dramatic capabilities are not discovered till years after its "boom" is forgotten, it seems fair that the discoverer should be allowed to work the mine, under condition, perhaps, of a royalty to the author.

MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

One or two of the very few readable Australian novels have been written by Miss Mary Gaunt. Her first book, "Dave's Sweetheart," still remains her best, but the latest, "Deadman's" (Methuen), has vigour of conception, and an unusual sense of reality about it. Life, one concludes on reading the story, is not very much simplified for dwellers in camps and out-of-the-way settlements. The affections, the passions, the follies, the weaknesses, imprudences inherent in human nature have even a freer time of it under these circumstances than elsewhere. The tale of a man's folly in marrying beneath him—by way of expiating another folly—is told with unflinching directness, and with, considering the subject, a very rare absence of sentimentalism. The Bret Harteian convention of hearts of gold wrapped up in an outer case scamed and smeared with ugly faults and vices is disdained. And so also is that other convention, that declares marriage to be the only honourable course open to a man who has trifled with a woman's affections. Life is a little more difficult than that, Miss Gaunt declares.

What is the matter with Mr. Henry James? He is worrying himself over the depravity of human nature in a new and a very distressing way. First we had "The Other House," with its tale of murder lurking in the soul of a woman (externally all that was most respectable. Let "The Other House" pass. It was only surprising because written by Mr. James. Then we had "What Maisie Knew"—a terrible story told in the jauntiest manner. But its jauntiness was not offensive. The circumstances were repulsive; but there bloomed in the midst of them a plant so pure and vigorous and radiant that one rejoiced in a rare triumph of beauty and health over evil. When one has forgotten all the ugly rest, one remembers and rejoices in Maisie. But his new book is quite other, or rather, half of it, for "The Two Magics" (Heinemann) consists of two stories, one of which is entirely insignificant and cheerful. There is certainly a new kind of shudder to be got out of "The Turn of the Screw," but the most experimental of readers would do well to avoid it. Even lovers of the sensational at any cost, even morbid dwellers on the corruption of human nature, would mostly feel that children should not minister to their tastes and theories. That the portion of the world on which all hopes hang should be made suspect, should be shown to have the loathsome disease of sin knit in with their tender fibres, not in the guise of mere naughtiness, or weakness, not merely in the germ, but in full-blown strength—these are intolerable thoughts. No one can seriously believe them save for such rare and isolated cases as should only be treated in a book on morbid pathology. Yet they are the theme of the excellent Mr. James in "The Turn of the Screw." It is a ghost story. The ghosts are used rather awkwardly, as the visible form of the children's temptation to evil. They are the shades of two demons in human form that were their tempters and destroyers in life. Unconvincing shades they are, but one of them helps towards a striking effect at the end. A strong-willed, high-minded governess has almost overcome the evil in the boy, or, at least, has brought him to the point of confession. Then the face appears against the glass, "the white face of damnation." It is a struggle between the evil dead man and the living guardian-spirit, and the latter seems to win. But, she tells, "with the stroke of the loss I was so proud of, he uttered the cry of a creature hurled over an abyss, and the grasp with which I recovered him might have been that of catching him in his fall. I caught him, yes, I held him—it may be imagined with what passion; but at the end of a minute I began to feel what it truly was that I held. We were alone with the quiet day, and his little heart, dispossessed, had stopped." It is a memorable, it is a great scene. Only, Mr. James should never have given himself the chance of such success; for what leads up to it is heart-rending, even when we deny its possibility.

"Push, my dear Domitia, Push. Of course. What else would you have but Push? . . . When older and wiser, you will understand the value of Push, and appreciate position. My dear, properly considered, everything can be made use of for the purpose—even widowhood, dexterously dealt with, becomes a vehicle for Push." This sounds like the mocking tones of a *fin-de-siècle* lady, but the *siècle* is the first of the Christian era, and the speaker is a jaunty Roman matron, Longa Duilia, widow of Onæus Domitius Corbulo, the greatest General of his time. In the hands of Mr. Baring-Gould, Duilia becomes a very modern person indeed. Her speech is interspersed with slang and Americanisms. In the Park to-day she would feel quite at home, if she could forget we were barbarians. Her ambitions are much the same as those of women in the "smart" world just now, only called by different names. She is jealous of Nero's poor Poppæa, kicked to death by her husband, but thereafter pronounced divine by the Roman Senate. She gloats over the idea of divinity. "My dear Domitia, think! the divine Duilia! Salus Italiæ, with my temples, my altars, my statues! By the Immortal Twelve, I think I should have tried to cut out Aphrodite, and have been represented rising from the foam. Oh! it would have been too, too lovely! But there! it makes me mad—all that *might* have been, and *would* have been to a certainty had your dear father listened to me at Antioch." The book, "Domitia" (Methuen), slows off from this pace at times, perforce, since it is a story of early Christian Rome, of the long searchings of the heroine after truth among the sages and philosophers, till she finds it in the new sect of the Nazarenes. It is a serious and, in portions, a tragic book, but, as far as possible, it is written in a style expressly meant to make unlearned readers of the day realise that the dwellers in old Rome were human beings very like themselves.—O. O.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Madame Virginie Demont Breton is an artist with a touch of romance, a touch of something like dreamland romance, in her equipment as a painter. "In the Azure Sea," which is reproduced herewith, is sufficient demonstration of that particular fact. In the skilful manipulation of the

movement of the mountain waves, and in the careful composition of the figure harmoniously with the lines of the sea, there is quite an extraordinary sense of these two very curious qualities. "A Sea of Fog from a Mountain-Top," also reproduced here, from a photograph taken in New Zealand, has an amazing ocean effect, which seems almost incredible. There is a certain terror, too, in contemplating it for any length of time, when you remember the sheer distances, down through

these diaphanous veils, through which a man may fall, not in slow and half-supporting water, but in the light and transient air. No ships come sailing over this sea, which fills the whole intermediate valleys, and is dominated above by a glorious sunshine.

The new President of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts (Paris) is M. Carolus Duran (Charles Auguste Emile Durand), who has been elected by the Committee to replace the late Puvis de Chavannes.

M. Carolus, in his turn, has made the following appointments—Presidents: Of the Painting Section, M. Roll; of Sculpture, M. Rodin; of Engraving, M. Woltner; and of the Section of Objects of Art, M. Cazin. Secretaries, M. Béraud and M. Billotte. Treasurer, M. Dubufe.

M. Carolus Duran, whose new bureau is thus constituted, was born at Lille, in 1837. His first picture in the Salon (1866) was a remarkable dramatic painting called "L'Assassiné." The merits of this work were such as could not be ignored, and it accordingly won a medal. It is, however, as a portrait painter of women that M. Duran is chiefly famous. Perhaps the most excellent specimen of his work is the well-known painting of his wife, entitled "La Dame au Gant," which appeared in the

Salon of 1869. The original portrait I have seen in the Luxembourg, and find it impossible to forget. Another admirable portrait is that of Madame Feydeau, exhibited in 1870. A more recent example of his work is the portrait of Lady Warwick, which, it may be remembered, was hung in the Royal Academy Exhibition of last spring. M. Duran was, for a short time, a pupil of Souchon; afterwards he spent a year in Spain studying Velasquez, and then worked in Italy by means of the Vicat Travelling Scholarship, which he won in Paris.



A SEA OF FOG FROM A MOUNTAIN-TOP.



IN THE AZURE SEA.—MADAME VIRGINIE DEMONT BRETON.
Now on Exhibition at the New Gallery.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

BORROWED PLUMES.

BY E. NESBIT.

It was the ideal place for a summer holiday—a pleasant old farm with a red roof, where lichens grew in patches of yellow, and the stonecrop and house-leek in patches of green; a house with long, low rooms, furniture that shone with beeswax and elbow-grease, and beds whose coarse homespun linen sheets smelt of lavender.

There were, indeed, two lavender-bushes in the garden, as well as roses and stocks, sweet clove-pinks and "old man." The farm was stocked with interesting live creatures—cows, pigs, chickens, turkeys, and pigeons; there were sheep dotting the downs behind the house, and from the front windows, across the orchard, where the apples were beginning to grow hard and round, you could see the long, shining, blue line of the sea.

Mabel Roscommon liked that sea-line, and she liked the garden, the orchard, and the rest of it—all but the turkeys. She was a little afraid of these, because she was by profession a High School teacher, and had been taught how to manage children, but not how to manage turkeys—an art, by the way, much simpler. Now she had come to the farm for her summer holidays. To be alone was new to her, for she was one of a large family; and to be for whole weeks in this country was new to her too, for she had never before been near the sea for more than a week at a time. The down-country was to her a revelation.

She had a big sitting-room to herself, and shared the simple meals of the farmer and his wife. The labourers and the maids ate at the lower end of the long table. Mabel thought it was such a nice plan—it reminded her somehow of the feudal system. The dignified simplicity of farm-life appealed to her. Gradually a passion of love awoke in her for the little, ordinary, useful everyday things—the needful work repeated at the appropriate hour, the changing magic of morn and noon and evening, the restful distances of down and sea, the intimate foregrounds of hedge and orchard. At first she read a good deal, but gradually more and more time was spent with Mrs. Fry. Mabel followed her in and out to the dairy, to the kitchen, to feed the pigs, to collect the eggs. And the eyes of the faded, middle-aged woman grew tender, though her words were always the explanatory commonplace or the mournful biographical.

But one day—it was the day when Miss Rosecommon first churned the butter—Mrs. Fry sighed, and said—

"My little Alice would ha' been about your age if she'd lived. I own I should ha' dearly liked to ha' taught her to churn."

It was that night that Mabel kissed Mrs. Fry when she said "good-night," and almost wished, as she crept between the cold, lavendered sheets, that she had been born a farmer's daughter. She had discovered her vocation. It was not teaching, as she had steadfastly believed, nor literature, as she had secretly dreamed; her true vocation was the pastoral life—not to forget the great life of the world, the hurry and bustle, the cleverness and bravery, the wise and the great; not to forget them—to honour them from afar, but to take no further part in the strife and struggle of strenuous life; to watch it from the safe haven of the little life, the quiet, ordered, placid life, of the farm. This was her vocation—her fate was High School teaching.

When Robert Fry came home—the only son of his mother, the farmer's wife—Mabel shared in the bustle of glad preparation that heralded his coming. He was in business in London, but he was coming home for his holiday, his mother said.

"But he hates the business," she went on. "He got a scholarship to go to Oxford, for he's very clever, my dear; but it was not enough to keep him there, and it was the year we did so badly with the wheat, so Father couldn't spare enough to let him go; so then Bob gave in, and he said, 'All right, I'll go into business, for I don't want to stay at farming.' So his uncle took him into the mantles, where he might be doing well; but I wish he'd never gone to school, I do, then he'd a-been content to stay and help his father about the old place that's belonged to the Frys no one knows how long. You can see their names in the churchyard."

It was in the churchyard, amid the moss-grown headstones, that Miss Rosecommon not only saw the names of many dead and gone Frys, but made the acquaintance of the new-comer. He came to her across the field that lay between the house and the church, and she could see his fair hair shining in the sun. He was tall and handsome, she thought.

"My mother sent me to tell you that tea is ready. It's half an hour earlier than usual. Yes, I've just come down. It all seems very beautiful, after London, doesn't it?"

"It's so beautiful," said Mabel, "that I am beginning to wonder how I shall ever be able to leave it."

He walked beside her for a while in silence, then he said—

"You were at Girton, my mother tells me. Don't you find this sort of thing strange after the stirring intellectual life there?"

She laughed a little.

"I don't think we were very intellectual—," she began.

"I feel so much all I have missed," he said. "If only my father had not sown wheat that year."

"Yes," she said, "I know; it was very hard."

She was interested in the boy, for, though he was of her own age, he

seemed to her infinitely young. His naïve, blundering anxiety to let her see that he too knew all about the "intellectual life," his respect for her as a Girton girl, and, above all, a certain wistful sadness about his blue eyes, stirred her half-amused sympathy. His presence seemed to promise a new interest to life at the farm.

The promise was fulfilled. He attached himself frankly to Miss Rosecommon's apron-strings—walked with her, drove her in the market-cart, sat with her under the grey apple-boughs, and talked without ceasing. He was well-read, was acquainted with modern as well as classic literature—he quoted almost incessantly. When he was not quoting, he talked of authors, of editions, of style, and of form. How should she know that he had his own dreams which he managed to disguise under these quotations from the dreams of others? Miss Rosecommon was the first educated woman he had ever met, and he seemed agonisedly anxious to lose no chance of showing her that he too had been educated, that he was not merely the foolish boy she might have expected to find in the "son of the house" at a farm. At first this sensitive, insistent egoism amused Miss Rosecommon, then it irritated her, and at the end of three days she was as near hating Robert Fry as she had ever been to hating anyone—even the least-loved Professor at Cambridge. Yet, after all, it was not possible to Mabel quite to hate anyone, nor was it possible that Robert Fry should ever be by anyone quite hated. She had a very manly vein of tolerance—and he a timid, appealing manner, which, if not feminine, was at least childlike. But his quotations got on her nerves, and the quiet charm of her holiday was shattered. It was on the fourth evening that she spoke. He had been standing beside her, looking at the sea, and suddenly broke the calm of the great silence to quote Matthew Arnold's lines—

The sea of faith
Was thus once at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
But now—

"I wish you wouldn't," she interrupted, almost peevishly.

His blue eyes turned on her with the appealing look a child's wear when one whom it trusts speaks with sudden harshness.

"Don't look at me like that," she said, her patience and her pretty manners giving way together under the strain of that absurd appeal. "It's only that I came into the country to rest, and—"

"I see, you don't like me to talk to you. I am very sorry. I never meant to bore you. It's very good of you to tell me straight out." He raised his cap and turned to leave her.

"Oh, don't!" she said again. "I am so sorry! I didn't mean to be rude—but, don't you feel it too? One wants to rest from literature and all that sort of thing. I am sure you feel it too, only you think a person from Girton wants this sort of entertaining. She doesn't, I assure you; she just wants to look about and see things happen, see how the flowers grow, and what the pigs eat, and how the sheep come into the fold, and wonder how the chickens know when it's time to be fed."

He stood looking at her, still wistfully.

"You're not angry with me, are you?" he said.

"Angry? No, of course not; and you mustn't be angry with me. It was very bad-tempered of me, because I know you were only doing it to please me. But you won't any more, will you? It's not necessary."

"What am I to talk about, then?"

"I have an idea," she said, flashing a brilliant smile at him. "Let us never talk at all, unless we have something we very much want to say."

He smiled back at her, but his smile was a little sad. Yet he accepted the new basis of conversation. In the first day or two their talk lost in bulk, but in quality it gained. Then Miss Rosecommon awoke to the fact that he was talking as much as ever, and she more than ever before. And now she began to perceive glimpses of the real man, of the passionate love of all things beautiful that had lain beneath his veneer of cheap culture. He talked no more of Literature and Art. Nor did he talk of himself. But he spoke of his father, and she respected him. He spoke of his mother and the little dead sister, and something like tenderness began to soften the respect. She saw how the pastoral peace of the old place held his soul, and she wondered how he could ever have torn himself from it to "go into the mantles." To go to college, yes; but "into the mantles"! But this was one of the things of which he never spoke.

Her time of holiday was nearly over before she learned that he wrote verses. Trembling, and yet happy, he read them to her one golden afternoon in the orchard. And they were good verses. They accentuated her curiosity as to his choice of a career. The two were now so nearly friends that she dared to speak her wonder.

"Why," she said, "you must love the country in your heart, or you could never write like this; you make dear little pictures in your verses. I can't think why you ever chose to go into business instead of living here."

He flushed hotly, and began to pull the dry grass from the roots of the apple-tree.

"I didn't know," he said. "I had no idea what business meant. I thought that in London I should have some chance of meeting intellectual people."

"That's a hateful phrase," she said sharply.

"Then I'll change it," he said, and the voice was a voice she had not



FIRST PRIZE, DOG SHOW.

heard before. "I wanted to get to London because I thought I had no chance here of meeting You—Oh, of course, I don't mean Miss Mabel Rosecommon; but you don't suppose I have never dreamed of a woman like you, a woman who knows all the things I want to know, and never had the chance to know; a woman I could worship, as I worship you, my scornful lady?"

His voice was hard, defiant, and her eyes were hard and scornful. She was very angry.

"And so you thought you would meet me, or my like, among the young ladies who serve 'in the mantles.' Thank you."

"You aren't a snob, really," he said quietly. "Please don't talk like one just to annoy me."

It was hard hitting—the gloves off on both sides. Each drew a long breath. The level shadows of the tree-trunks lay thick and black across the orchard grass.

"You despise me," he said; "don't try to make me despise you. Not that you could. I know you better than you know yourself. How could I know what chance there was for me in London? I have found you, and found you *here*. If I had gone to college—if my father had not sown wheat that year, I should be your social equal, and a gentleman."

"You have a good deal of faith in Oxford," she said, with cold malice.

"You'll only be sorry afterwards," he said. "Why hit a man when he's down? I love you from your head to your feet. I love your voice, and your dear brown eyes, and that smile of yours. I love you, body, soul, and spirit; but I'm not worthy to tell you so. Forgive me and forget it. It was for you I wanted to go to college, for you I went to London. I was a fool, but it was for you, because I have dreamed of you all my life. Now I've told you, and it's all over."

"What are you going to do? Shall you go back to London?"

Her voice was low, and not quite steady.

"No, I've had enough of that. I shall stay here and help my father

to work the farm. Yes, I shall have books—I know you despise them, but that's because you have got all you want out of them. I shall help to farm the land, and look after my mother, and read, and try to forget you."

He had risen and stood looking down at her. She rose too. They stood looking at each other. He was no longer a boy in her eyes—he was a man, and her master. She perceived now how the affectations that had annoyed her were not part of the man, but merely the trappings he had put on—foolishly, vainly put on—to gain her approval. She thought of his life, alone at the farm. She thought of her life, alone in the crowded High School. She raised her eyes to his, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Don't be unhappy about me," he said eagerly. "I ought never to have told you, and it is not so hard really as if I had never known you, for then I could never have settled down here, where I really belong, and have done my plain duty. I should have wandered all over the world looking for you. Now I shall have the memory of you to keep me company, and I can do what I ought to have done long ago, and what I should have wanted to do but for wanting to find you. You are not to be unhappy—I am not: I am glad."

Her tears brimmed over and fell. This, then, was the nature he had thought too poor to show her; this the soul he had covered up with borrowed plumes.

"Forgive me," he said again. "I ought not to have told you, but I never thought it would hurt you like this. Believe me, I shall be glad all my life that I have known you, and all the farm and the fields about will be dear to me for ever now. You will do me good, and not evil, all the days of your life."

She made two steps towards him, and laid her arm on his shoulder and her wet cheek to his.

"I will, please God," she said.

The borrowed plumes had fallen away, and there was nothing now between his soul and hers.



MISS ADA BLANCHE AS VIOLET VALYLOW, ACTRESS OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, IN "THE ROYAL STAR," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



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IN "THE ROYAL STAR," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.
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THE SHADE OF H.M.S. "SEALARK."

When great men pass away they receive a fitting eulogy, when great houses fall into decay they become graceful historical ruins; but when ships upon the sea sail no more they are abruptly broken to pieces and no vestige is left to show "what beauty was of yore." Just as the *Sealark* had become a recognised feature of the Firth of Forth, the Lords of the Admiralty ordered her return, and now her elegant form is seen no longer "bending and bowing o'er the billowy swell." Not many vessels could vie with her in beauty as she came down the Forth with her fair sails set on a sparkling Monday morning. The *Ocean* and *Majestic* might regard her with a grand contempt, but it was these wooden walls of Old England that annihilated the mighty Armada of Spain, that took part in the engagement at "fatal Trafalgar," and it was with vessels of this type that Nelson crowned his victories in the Baltic Sea. But Sir William White's views on naval architecture differ vastly from the picturesque ideas of Symonds, and to see the *Sealark* afloat was to see a goodly sight which those to be born after us can never hope for. The dwellers on the shores of the Forth were wont to eye her with an eager criticism, for few men can view shipping craft without involuntarily turning sailor for the occasion and pointing out to companions, haply in yet deeper ignorance, technicalities they scarcely understand themselves. Seafaring Vikings were among our forefathers, and every breeze that blows across our narrow island is impregnate with sea-salt.

The *Sealark* belonged to the training-ship *Caledonia*, of recent years established in Scottish waters, and was used for teaching the boys navigation; but when senile decay set in, and the gallant ship ended her career, the boys of the *Caledonia* were perforce sent elsewhere to finish their education. The *Sealark* belonged originally to Southern parts, and recognised Plymouth as her headquarters, when suddenly she was ordered to the far, far North, to a place called Queensferry, which none of the ship's crew had even so much as previously heard of. But naval men become accustomed to swift vicissitude, and learn from the perpetually moving sea that here we have no abiding-place. Naval men's wives have to learn the same Icarian lesson, and dispose of their household gods and change their dwellings with a promptitude that becomes in time second nature. So the *Sealark*,

A vessel tight and snug,
Bound for the Northern seas,

set sail from Plymouth Bay—another good-bye to another home in which they had fondly deemed themselves secure at least for a season; but sailors' wives waste no time in vain regret: they hastened to collect children or household belongings and set off after the ship, to meet their husbands and establish a new home on the strange shores of an unknown Firth of Forth. Yet once again her sails were to be "blown by the breeze of a softer clime," when our naval squadron mustered so bravely in the Channel for the great Jubilee Review at Spithead, and this her return journey occasioned almost equal consternation and dismay. The speed of the brig, being dependent on wind and waves, was difficult to calculate, and, becoming overdue, she roused a general speculation and some anxiety. All day long the fleet scanned the eastern horizon with nautical glasses and telescopes; numerous mothers and several wives were stricken with nervous apprehension, and the head authorities despatched two vessels to search the high seas. When at length the brave little *Sealark* made her tardy appearance, signals flashed from ship to ship all through the fleet, and a former captain shoved off from the *Howe* with a bountiful supply of fresh provisions, rightly conjecturing that the lengthened journey must have reduced the crew to unpleasantly short commons. The delay had arisen from the brig having been partly disabled, and, though making somewhat heavy weather of the voyage, she had proudly refused all offers of assistance, all deficiencies, however, quickly being forgot in the warmth of the cordial welcome which greeted her as the sensation of the hour. With like anxiety, England had once before watched for another vessel, that summer afternoon when our Admirals were playing bowls together on the Plymouth Green, this analogous position of distinction being the last honour known to the doomed *Sealark*.

It was during the reign of William, our Sailor King, that the *Sealark* and several other brigs were built, the small fleet being destined for South Africa, there to suppress the slave trade. The *Sealark* was the smallest brig of the number, many a sloop being of larger size, and her build presented a phenomenal appearance to those learned in such matters, the beam being seventeen feet and

the length only eighty-six. Evidently Symonds was an excellent sailor, or, perhaps, he never had the hardihood to go to sea in his own vessels! But many a poor sailor-lad, as he lay groaning through his first night-at-sea, longed for his home with a longing more intense than even a mother could desire. It was only during the summer months that the *Sealark* went cruising in the Forth; in the winter she was safely laid up in the docks at Leith, snugly covered over with an awning. Then, as a beautiful white butterfly emerges in the spring-time from an unsightly chrysalis, so did the *Sealark* appear as she sailed up to Queensferry at the beginning of the season, and dropped her anchor close by the old Longeraig Pier. This was her favourite mooring-place, but on occasion, for inspection or for a new draught of boys, she had to come up above the Forth Bridge, and lie near by the training-ship *Caledonia*. Every Monday morning she weighed anchor and went down with the tide to the mouth of the Forth, where the open sea gave more room for lessons in navigation. Her return, commonly on Friday afternoon, was one of the signs of the end of the week, the nautical news, "The *Sealark's* up," being passed through the naval colony at Queensferry as current weekly gossip. She spent only six years in Scottish waters, and only two captains held the appointment. The first captain was in some way a marked man, having survived the fatal *Dotterel* disaster still remembered by seamen. He can laugh at this experience now, and tells ladies at five o'clock tea how encumbered he was with his heavy coat as he swam about the American Sea till he opportunely came upon a piece of driftwood with a large nail conveniently protruding, on which he hung the great-coat, for all the world as though he had been at home in a little front lobby in England. During his commission at Queensferry he became completely identified

with his ship, and was famed for his pleasant entertainments, tea on board the *Sealark* being a favourite recreation. Bachelor entertainments are invariably agreeable, whether at Oxbridge, where the ancient grey colleges are dappled with ivy, or in the novels of Dickens and Thackeray, where such a charm is shed over the Temple hospitalities. Doubtless they know how to entertain at Aldershot, but a bachelor-tea *par excellence* is tea on board ship. A spotless cutter, painted white, is waiting at the pier; a youthful midshipman holds the tiller-ropes and cries "Weigh 'nuff!" when close alongside the white port-holes of the vessel. A bearded bo'sun holds the boat secure with a grappling-iron, or some strange nautical weapon, while sailormen in blue-and-gold uniforms come forward with cheery hospitality. One of the excitements in the *Sealark* for adventurous spirits was being hoisted up to the maintop by pulleys in a swing-seat covered with flags; this seemingly dizzy height was on a level with the



H.M.S. "SEALARK."

Photo by Valentine, Dundee.

sky and the seagulls; the deck, and the flat, heaving sea being very far below. Tea was laid in the Captain's cabin, where the officers were wont to assemble in cold weather so soon as their chief went ashore, for it held a warm, comfortable stove, of which their wardroom was altogether destitute. The two midshipmen were stowed away in a small cabin somewhat similar to an ordinary housemaid's cupboard, which left small room for comfort and none whatever for disagreement. This limited space once caused a child in the party to ask in a falsetto that was intended to be a whisper, "But where do they take their baths?" The Doctor's and Lieutenant's apartments were somewhat larger, but the Lieutenant, being an ornamental man, had overflowed with his possessions all over the wardroom. Elaborate writing-materials cast in silver covered the table; various pictures of relations, horses, and an ancestral hall were hung on the sides of the room, while Japanese embroidery and ivory curios were the trophies of foreign lands.

The senior ship in the harbour always makes sundown; the gun fires in the guardship, and all the flags go down—

And now I pause at whiles in what I do,
And count the bell, and tremble lest I hear
... The sunset gun too soon—

For the boat for shore is waiting, and the pleasant party ends with a general good-bye.

But the stately ship sails no more to her haven under the hill, her timbers echo no more with hoarse commands or merry voices, her material form being broken into refuse for a shipbuilding yard, for Trafalgar Day saw her exposed for a public sale; but among the iron horses which now race over the high seas, her spiritual semblance still drifts abroad, for on moonlight nights, when ghosts walk the earth, phantom ships sail over the sea—

Silver sails all out of the west, under the silver moon,
and it is then a shadowy *Sealark* of filigree and ghostly gossamer may still be seen floating, sailing silently under the moonbeams.—HANDASYIE

ALIGHT HERE FOR "GERUSALEME"!

I hope it did the German Emperor's heart good when he reached Jerusalem to find the Teuton influence predominant there. Probably he noticed that the great board at the railway station had the name of the place spelt "Gerusalemé." Also, by now, he has found out that, for building hospitals and dealing in Jaffa oranges, his subjects in the Holy Land are far ahead of any other nation. Only, I wish he had decapitated the man who sells bottled beer outside the Jaffa gate. He'll recall the place when I say it is on the right-hand side as you come up from the station. It is a year or two since I was in Jerusalem, but I'll remember till I go there again—some time hence—the vile concoction dubbed "beer" that was sold.

It is a bit doubtful whether the Kaiser really enjoyed himself in Jerusalem, notwithstanding all that the newspapers have been saying to the contrary. For Jerusalem is one of the dullest and dreariest cities among all the dull and dreary cities I know on this wide earth. True, there's a railway, which takes you up from Jaffa in four hours, across the Plain of Sharon—that is about as poetical as a brickfield—and in and out of rocky ravines; and you are pitched out on to the platform, where a pack of hotel-touts jump upon you and rend you; and you get pushed into a dirty cab, and your baggage is piled up on the seat in front; and you are driven off along a bumpy road, and dragged into a hotel, thrown into a bedroom, and told the charge is ten francs a-day. You sit down on the corner of the bed and think that this is an exciting way of arriving in the Holy City.

At home, of course, you had conceived your advance upon the City of Solomon would have been on the hump of a rhythmic, slouching camel; that you would have seen the walls and the towers afar off, suffused in the rosy haze of a setting sun; that a thousand emotions would have fluttered in your breast, and you would have gone on, silent, enwrapped, and with a great awe. At least, that is how I felt. And, as a matter of fact, I went by train, stayed at an European hotel, and had to drink bad German beer. Every night, after dinner, I listened to the grumblings of a British officer because the streets were so confoundingly crooked and dark, because there wasn't a single music-hall in the place, and because he was footsore being trotted round seeing sights and shrines and relics by the hundred, all of which he wanted to see, and, having seen, declared their authenticity to be "all tommy-rot."

And certainly in Jerusalem you do get your money's worth in well-authenticated spots, even if it is necessary to grumble at the beer. There was never anything Christ or Abraham or Solomon did that your guide isn't able to take you to the exact spot where it was done. I was shown

A villainous, shrieking band blared as the captives were led past the sturdy Tower of David, away out through the Damascus Gate to a place called the Wilderness, where was situated the camp. And such a military camp—it is really a thousand pities the Kaiser did not see its like! There were a number of mildewed tents, with burst seams and broken ropes. Outside the longest tent the distribution of military attire was taking place. It was not new attire. As far as I could judge, the bundles were of old clothes taken from the dead during the Russo-Turkish War. Such a collection of tattered rubbish I had never seen. An old-clothes man would only have turned them over with a stick.

There are a good many religious cranks in Jerusalem. The city is, of course, full of impressiveness to the devout, and even a callous vagabond like myself can spend many an hour within those historic old walls, and moralise, and be the better for it. But the cranks there are! There was one man who interpreted literally the saying that men were to take up their cross. He therefore had a heavy wooden cross made, and, in his own mind, he was certainly making sure of heaven, for in the sultriest of weather he groaned and perspired, trundling the heavy thing around wherever he went.

Jerusalem was one day thrown into a state of mild excitement by the sudden appearance of a second Messiah. He was tall, dark, swarthy, and taciturn—indeed, very taciturn, for, although he was in Jerusalem two months, he never spoke a word. When he appeared, twelve disciples also appeared. Nobody knew from whence he or they came. The disciples went about preaching, quoting the words of their master, and told of the miracles he performed. But I never met a man who had seen any of these miracles. Only rarely was this second Messiah himself seen. Then he stood in the midst of his disciples and looked vacantly around. At the end of eight weeks he and they vanished as strangely as they came, no man knowing whither.

I see that the Kaiser went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is a very imposing, affecting, awesome place, and if it isn't the real Sepulchre, there are a good many million people who think it is. But the Kaiser didn't give any little speech on unity of spirit and goodness of heart among the Christians, as he might have done. This church, enclosing the reputed Sepulchre, and at least one of the reputed Calvaries, belongs to all sections of the fold. The Greek Catholics have this part, the Roman Catholics have that, the Armenians have certain chapels, and other creeds have the rest. But they are all Christians, all followers of the Man who taught "Love one another." They ought to love one another. It is



IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.



THE VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.



THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

From Photographs by F. D. Bates.

two Golgothas, sundry caves in which Jeremiah wrote his "Lamentations," and three gates where it is well known that Stephen was stoned to death. With judicious bribery, I could have bought a whole Cross.

When I was in Jerusalem, the Turks were engaged in a little war with the Druses, who live in the Hauran at the back of Palestine. Soldiers were necessary, and the press-gangs were out scouring the country. Every afternoon a bunch of two hundred or so were marched into the city; all the halt, lame, and blind that could not run away.

an appropriate spot in which to be loving. Yet there is no place throughout Christendom where sect-hatred is so rampant. Should the priests of one denomination stray upon the holy ground of another denomination, there is war. There have been riots and lives lost. It is necessary always to have a number of infidel Turkish soldiers on guard at the portals to see that the Christians love one another—at least, in a passive sense!

What an opportunity there was for the Kaiser to give one of those splendid speeches of his! But he missed it. JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

"THE TOPSY-TURVY HOTEL," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Paul Blanchard (Mr. Farkoa) takes down the sign-board of the hotel and places it on the house of M. Moulinet, so that the strolling players of Mlle. Flora's show may put up there, the Moulinets being away from home.



The real Count Zarifsculi (Mr. Nainby), and Cécile, his intended.



Old Moulinet (Mr. Mudie) and his wife singing their sentimental duet on the joys of domesticity.

"THE TOPSY-TURVY HOTEL," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Count Zarifouli gets so excited that he stands on the table at the Moulincets' house—"We told each girl we'd marry—they knew us near and far; we'd take a little walk, and have a little talk, upon the Boolyvar. And then we'd slyly wink at 'em, and blink at 'em, and drink at 'em. They'd whisper 'Hush,' and simper and blush, as little girls will, you see; for soon we'd start a-kissing 'em—not missing 'em, but kissing 'em; the short, the tall, we loved them all, on the Boolyvar de Paree."



Mlle. Flora's troupe of strolling players in the Square in Bourg Fleury, near Paris—"We are modest, not exacting—houses packed we don't expect; but the patrons of good acting here we never can detect."

"THE TOPSY-TURVY HOTEL," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

"The Topsy-Turvy Hotel" has given up business, for this "new and original farcical comedy" came to an end on Friday, and these pictures are naught but a reminiscence. The farcical comedy rested for recognition mainly on its music. The original play was written by M. Maurice Ordonneau, the librettist of "La Poupée," and it was adapted by Mr. Arthur Sturges to the music of Victor Roger and Lionel Monckton. "The Topsy-Turvy Hotel" began business on Sept. 21, with an excellent cast, such as the Gaiety itself might have produced. It included Mr. Arthur Playfair, who is less seldom seen nowadays than he used to be; Mr. Maurice Farkoa, who used to make us laugh (when he laughed) at Daly's; Mr. Robert Nainby, whose Zola at the Court and Frenchman in "The Shop Girl" will not readily be forgotten; Mr. George Mudie, whose grand style never deserts him; and Mr. John Le Hay, who rather repeated his amusing sketch of the Jew Macgregor in "My Girl." The ladies included Miss Violet Lloyd, the cousin or sister, I believe, of Miss Florence Lloyd, who probably makes the best boy going; Miss Ethel Sydney,



Drémer (Mr. Dagnall) is swindled at cards by the sham Count Zarifjouti (Mr. Le Hay), and by Laforce (Mr. Cheeseman), the "strong man" of Flora's company.

who appears nowadays too rarely; Miss Florence Collingbourne, a young singer of great promise, who has drifted back to Daly's; and Miss Hilda Jeffreys.

By far the best song in "The Topsy-Turvy Hotel" was the rollicking ditty sung with immense gusto by Mr. John Le Hay in the dining scene of the third act. I have quoted the first verse and the chorus under the scene in question pictured on another page. After describing how he met the maids, Mr. Le Hay sang—

And then when day was waning,
So generous were we,
We'd go—expense disdaining—
The Moulin Rouge to see.
From dignity refraining,
Not too particular,
We'd have a little hop
With dancers at the top
Of all the Boolyvar.

And soon we'd be a-dancing 'em,
And prancing 'em,
Entrancing 'em;
We'd twist and twirl
The prettiest girl,
For never a bit cared we.
And then we'd start a-squeezing 'em—
Not teasing 'em,
But squeezing 'em;
We did contrive
To keep alive
All the Boolyvar de Parce.

Despite some vigour, however, the piece lacked the real humour which could keep it going.



Cécile (Miss Collingbourne), Drémer's daughter, is wooed by Paul Blanchard (Mr. Farkoa).

"Should you chance to meet a charming little Miss, and she cause your heart to palpitate like this; in an ecstasy of rapture you succumb to Cupid's capture, an imprisonment in visionary bliss."



"With your arm around her so; on her rosy lips bestow. Don't be hasty, don't be too shy; don't say a word, only lovingly sigh—Ah! Lips pressed to lips mingle in sweet honey bliss, after which you squeeze her gently—that's the way to kiss."

"THE TOPSY-TURVY HOTEL," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



The waiter adds to the indescribable riot of the supper-table.



Which wakes up dear old Monsieur and Madame Moulinet.

ALL ABOUT MOKES.

Outside those immediately concerned in the intricacies and mysteries of donkey-dealing, I wonder how many people there are who know that there is a recognised market in London where donkeys are on show once a week, and where the dealer has to pay a toll of one shilling to the Market Corporation for the privilege of exposing his wares. We usually associate Leadenhall Market with the sale of animals and pets, from dogs downwards, in the same way as we think of the Meat Market, at Smithfield, for cattle, and Tattersall's or Aldridge's for horses; but it has been the donkey's lot ever to be neglected, and, with characteristic irony of fate, we have never troubled ourselves with thinking whence he comes and whither he goes.

Once a week—every Friday—the donkey-merchants, however, take their poor little beasts to the Cattle Market, in the Caledonian Road, Islington, and there they are punched and pinched and have their tails unceremoniously pulled to test their working powers, and are run up and down the hard stones and thwacked with sticks, till the long-suffering and patient animals are pleased to get out of the hands of the dealers and become the proud possession of the kinder-hearted coster. With all his rough and uncouth ways, the coster is very fond of his moke, and quite an animated feeling of rivalry exists among this original brotherhood, when they turn out on Sunday and drive their donkey-barrows, with their befeathered "donahs" on the "box-seats," to Epping, in the East, or the Welsh Harp, in the West, as to the smart appearance of their "lots," in the manner with which Chevalier has familiarised us.

Of all the queer places in the Metropolis, the Islington Market is one of the queerest. Euphemistically known as "the Cattle Market," you can purchase anything and everything there relating to man and beast, but most of the articles exposed for sale are not second-hand—they look more like twenty-second-hand.

When I inquired for a little information from one of the "dealers" as to the breeding of donkeys, he suspected me of trying to learn the tricks of the trade, and professed complete ignorance; but, in place of enlightening, offered me a nice-looking little donkey for "Fifty bob, guynor, 'arniss and all; dirt cheap, and she is a beauty." On my assuring him that I was in search of information only, and had no need for a donkey, though I agreed with him it was dirt cheap, he generously offered to return me "alf a dollar out of the fifty bob," and also requested me to pull the moke's tail myself if I had any doubts as to his condition.

I saw the rascal offer the same donkey, "'arniss and all," to a fellow-dealer a little later for "thirty bob." Another donkey-merchant, a little more intelligent, was good enough to tell me that this was a bad

eight shillings, while others fetch as much as £5. The record price for a Smithfield donkey is £10, and this animal was bought for trotting purposes, but met an untimely end by being run over by a 'bus in the East-End, which resulted in a lawsuit some little time back.

Donkeys make capital trotters, and some of them can cover six miles in thirty minutes. When they attain this speed their value is considerably enhanced, but to reach this perfection it is only natural that they are better fed than the average coster's moke. It is computed that there are over thirteen thousand donkeys in London alone, and that as many as three thousand change hands in Smithfield every year. Ireland supplies the largest quantity, and possibly the best, and, as far as the United Kingdom is concerned, the Emerald Isle might be termed the native place of the donkey. As many as two hundred thousand are engaged there for agricultural purposes alone; but Italy boasts the greatest number of any country on the Continent, as it is calculated that seven hundred thousand hardy and hard-hit donkeys breathe Italia's pure air, while France shelters some four hundred thousand. Next to Ireland, Wales produces the best donkeys in the kingdom, while in England itself the most valuable are bred in Norfolk, near Cromer, and are to be found in nearly every private gentleman's stable.

In the last few years the price of donkeys, not quite of the Smithfield stamp, has increased, mainly owing to the commons being enclosed or

to the action of the County Council in taking them over. The common rights are thus encroached on, and free pasturage is a thing of the past. To this fact is partly attributed the improvement in the breed of the donkey in recent years; but there are other causes, such as the donkey shows instituted by the late Lord Shaftesbury, supported by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Mr. Leopold Rothschild, Sir Blundell Maple, and others, and the adoption of the donkey by the aristocratic classes. One of the Queen's favourite animals is the little white donkey that draws her about in some of her drives. Lord Salisbury has a team of big Spanish donkeys, standing about thirteen hands, which he uses in his hay-carts at Hatfield, and Lord Lonsdale has a white donkey in his unique collection of white animals. Properly treated, there is no more docile, affectionate, hard-working, and intelligent pet than a domesticated donkey, and, in spite of the absurd proverbialism as to a donkey's stupidity, all those who have had any dealings with them, whether with the highly priced white donkey of the classes, the performing donkey of the circus and the ballet, or the willing, patient, and hard-working moke of the coster, will tell you that they are the gentlest and cleverest of animals.

Some of the donkeys that appear on the London stage have had varied careers, and one, a very pretty white animal that appeared at Olympia two or three years back, and now in the possession of Lady Lawson, was bought by Mr. Hales, of Bow Street, who supplies most of the animals



A CORNER IN THE DONKEY MARKET.



SHOWING HIM OFF.



THE DONKEY'S "DOLCE FAR NIENTE."

From Photographs by Mr. Burnham.

time of year for donkey-dealing, as the season at the seaside was over, and there is not so great a demand for them. The summer was a long way the best time for them, the "Romanies" buy them, and they occasionally "git a good 'un out of a drove," and I subsequently learnt that in that case the Gipsies dispose of them at a good price. The average marketable price of a donkey at Smithfield is a sovereign, although some poor, weedy-looking creatures can be bought for seven or

engaged for pantomimes and ballets, from a donkey-owner on the Brighton beach for twenty guineas. The driver knew its value, first, because it was white, and secondly, because it used to be the children's delight of the beach, and it was a little fortune to him. White donkeys are now very difficult to obtain, and Mr. Hales is at present seeking them all over the country; but mules are still rarer in England, and it is a race of animals that is becoming extinct.

A. H. V.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Among the popular institutions of London may fairly be reckoned the Playgoers' Club, which contributes something of reasonable entertainment to the Sunday evening. Starting some years ago in the humblest way, it has, mainly through the strenuous labours of Mr. Carl Hentschel, become a prosperous institution, which can reckon upon an attendance of some hundreds of members at its Sunday evenings in the Hotel Cecil, and long notices in the daily papers. On the last occasion, its President, Mr. Edward F. Spence, opened a debate, having as subject "The Propriety of Converting Other People's Novels into Your Own Plays." The speaker announced that the discussion was occasioned by the many adaptations in the field of Dumas' novels, and suggested that our dramatists had no right to found their plays upon the novels of the great Alexandre, and would be wiser if they spent their time in inventing subjects for themselves. Second-hand drama, he suggested, was not likely to produce anything better than second-rate dramatists. With much that the President suggested most of the speakers who followed seemed in agreement, but several of them took exception to the proposition that the adapted plays rarely had merit as drama or more than ephemeral success. Mr. Grein cited "La Dame aux Camélias" effectively. Mr. John Coleman spoke of the many versions of Scott's novels still current in Edinburgh, and played for months at a time. This brought from the President the retort that probably it explained the fact that London was full of Scotchmen. Of course, the case of Shakspeare was quoted; no meeting of the Playgoers would be complete without some reference to Shakspeare, Mr. Clement Scott, and Ibsen. Some seemed to think that the frank appropriation by our national dramatist of other people's plays and novels justifies the modern playwright; others suggested that Shakspeare's genius was his only excuse. Once more Molière was misquoted, and "Je prends mes biens où je les trouve" was uttered instead of "Je reprends." The correction came from the President. In



MR. W. W. WALTON.

Photo by Auty, Limited, Nottingham.

fine, the general opinion appeared to be that it is wicked, and ought to be made illegal, to pilfer from copyright works, and indelicate, if hardly dishonourable, to appropriate those in which death and time have caused copyright to come to an end.

Mr. W. W. Walton ("Wittie Wattie"), the well-known comedian, whose photograph I give, was the originator of "Lost and Found," a series of most amusing photographs which appeared in *The Sketch* Oct. 12, 1891. This excellent comedian has been touring for six years with the original "Lady Slavey" company, in which he created the part of Roberts, the Sheriff's Officer. His greatest success, however, is in pantomime, in which he this year commences an engagement with the John Hart Syndicate as Buttons, the page, in "Cinderella," at the Lyceum Theatre, Sheffield. This is the first of a series of five pantomimes under the same management.

Some very interesting details concerning the principal amateur dramatic organisations in America have been put together by a writer named D. Z. Doty. Here in England we have so many clubs, that a directory of them has been compiled, and their names, such as those of the Irving, Bancroft, Alexander, Marlowe, and Vaudeville Clubs, the Cambridge A.D.C., the O.U.D.S. at Oxford, the Strolling Players, and the Old Stagers, during the Canterbury Cricket week, are more or less generally intelligible. It is different across the Atlantic, with the exception, perhaps, of the New York Amateur Comedy Club, with whom Mrs. Brown-Potter, now so unfortunately invalidated from the cast of "The Musketeers," at Her Majesty's Theatre, made her début as an actress. For instance, two of the University Clubs, at Harvard and Philadelphia respectively, have the queer names of "The Hasty Pudding" and "The Mask and Wig." Even the title of "The Boston Cadets," who stage their productions most lavishly, and most profitably also, it appears, is not particularly suggestive of theatrical performances. Several other actresses besides Mrs. Potter have taken part in the representations given by the New York Comedy Club, but in the College performances proper the female characters are played by young men, just as they were in old days in England.

The latest woman playwright is Miss Beatrix de Burgh, who claims to be of Norman descent, though her people now live in Galway. She was born in Croydon, and educated first in a convent there and then at that of Les Dames de Marie in Malines. When she came home she played much with amateur theatrical companies, her first part being Maritana in "Don César de Bazan," and a manager, seeing her, at once offered her an Easter engagement at the Alexandra Palace for Violet in "Our Boys," after which she "went out" in the girl's part in "The Guv'nor," and later on played Julia in "The Rivals" and Miss Vere in "The Balloon," the last-named being the play in which Ellaline Terriss made her first appearance. Then came a very useful stock season at Blackburn, and then various tours.

She joined Mr. Forbes Robertson's company at the Lyceum Theatre and the Avenue to play some small parts and understudy. Then she went on tour, from the Criterion, with "The Sleeping Partner," in which she made a very capital Mrs. Torrington, and, after any number of parts at matinées, she again went on tour as Mrs. Ralston in "Jim the Penman." Miss de Burgh is also most talented with her pen, and now has a serial story on Indian life running in a leading magazine, as well as having scored an immense success with her sketch of "Drummer Dick," a story of the Chitral campaign, now running at the Oxford; and she has also written several plays, and, though they are as yet unproduced, she has had most flattering and encouraging opinions upon them from some of our leading managers. Her younger sister also promises to make her mark in the theatrical world, and was a very pretty Marjorie at the Garrick last Christmas.



MISS BEATRIX DE BURGH.

Photo by Draycott, Birmingham.

Rain was the only unwelcome factor in the gala proceedings at Southampton, Monday last week, when Mrs. Kendal laid the memorial-stone and christened the new theatre there. This beautiful edifice, to be known henceforward as "The Grand Theatre," is the twelfth and latest venture of those ubiquitous entrepreneurs Messrs. H. H. Morell and Mouillot, and bids fair to rival, if not eclipse, some of their most successful houses. A most interesting programme was provided on Monday—orchestral music, choir-singing, an inaugural ode charmingly and artistically recited by Mrs. Frederick Mouillot (wife of one of the proprietors), presentations to Mrs. Kendal of a silver trowel by Mr. William Hope (the architect), a mallet by Mr. Nelson Jenkins (contractor), and a golden key by Mr. Morell; the laying of the memorial-stone "well and truly," and the breaking of the regulation bottle of champagne by Mrs. Kendal, as she named the theatre, amid loud applause; various interesting speeches, including the Mayor of Southampton's cordial words of welcome to Mrs. Kendal, who, later, evoked enthusiastic applause by a charming speech, in which she alluded to her grandfather's association with Southampton, and her own friendship for Mr. Morell, whose father, the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, used always to regard her as his son's dramatic god-mother. She exhorted the proprietors to uphold a high standard in their new theatre, and to sustain the noblest traditions of dramatic art. Some hundred of the principal people of Southampton and the surrounding country were entertained at luncheon by the proprietors. Prior to the ceremony Mrs. Kendal and Mrs. Mouillot were presented with exquisite bouquets by the pretty little three-year-old daughter of the resident manager, Mr. Clyde Meynell. The theatre was opened to the public on Monday last, "The Little Minister" being billed for the first night.



MISS CARLOTTA NILLSON.

Photo by Warnecke, Glasgow.

Do you remember the delightful picture of the American girl who kept everybody in such a bustle in "The Happy Life," at the Duke of York's Theatre? She was Miss Carlotta Nillson, and I give her portrait here. She has been with Mr. George Alexander for a season.

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND GIFT-BOOKS.

A TALK WITH MESSRS. TUCK.

To most of us Christmas comes but once a year, but in the great house of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, in Coleman Street, E.C., it is Christmas all the twelve months long. There "Compliments of the Season" are perennial; in the heats of summer and the droughts of autumn the talk is of Merry Christmases and Happy New Years; and the trade-mark ought to be a sprig of holly. But I am bound to say (writes a *Sketch* representative) that there was nothing wintry about the reception which the Messrs. Tuck accorded me when I called on them in quest of seasonable information.

What Mr. Adolph Tuck does not know about Christmas cards is not worth knowing. He has a copy of the first Christmas card ever printed—the handiwork of Mr. Horsley, R.A., in 1846—representing a festive board, with turkey and all complete. Now, just over half a century later, as a managing director of Messrs. Tuck and Sons, he is sending out to the ends of the earth one does not care to say how many hundreds of thousands of cards of consummate workmanship and design. We do not worship the mistletoe now, or Mr. Adolph Tuck would certainly be our Arch-Druid. He is a good friend to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and postmasters consult him about their Christmas relays of postmen.

Probably not one man in a thousand who spends a shilling or two on Christmas cards has any idea of the labour and thought they involve. The usual time occupied in the production of a Christmas card is seven or eight months—in some cases it may be twelve. Mr. Adolph Tuck is now busy not with this season's cards, but with next season's, with an eye to the season after that. How is the time occupied? Well, here is a list of the different stages through which every one of Messrs. Tuck's cards have to go.

The beginning of all is the artist's design. Messrs. Tuck have, of course, a large staff of artists working regularly for them, but they are equally ready to accept the work of outsiders. Most of Messrs. Tuck's regular staff are specialists; that is to say, one will paint flowers—it is interesting, by the way, to know that flower-cards are as popular as ever—another will paint birds, another will design borders. In numerous cases one card will contain the work of as many as three or four different persons.

The design being once accepted, it is sent to the lithographer, who will probably spend two or three months over it. Some of the firm's productions have taken as long as eight months. Then the designer is again called in. This time it is a question of border or arrangement—"A most important feature in the evolution of the Christmas card," said Mr. Tuck, "which has brought about the rise of a class of expert designers, many of them, I may say, ladies of great ability and taste."

The card is next re-committed to the lithographer, who hands the result on to the die-sinker. Then, after another month or so, a proof is ready, and it is time to think about the letterpress. The Able Editor whom Messrs. Tuck keep on the premises either adds verses from one of his staff of poets or affixes an appropriate quotation. That satisfactorily accomplished, the edition is ready to be printed off.

At present about three times as many coloured cards are sold as cards in black-and-white. One of the special features of this season is the "Duo-chrome" series, which, as the name implies, are in two colours, for the most part sepia and yellow, and gold, which is on all cards. They are, as Mr. Tuck puts it, "a happy medium between the ordinary coloured card and the black-and-white card," and the public, who are taking to them readily, seem to think so too. But, as a whole, the season's output from Coleman Street is as charming, varied, and original as the traditions of the house would have led one to expect.

And Christmas brings with it not only cards, but also calendars, gift-books, and all that growing class of literature which consists in something more than a card and something less than a volume. Mr. Gustave Tuck, who directs this department, of course counts children one of the most important sections of his *clientèle*. Them he finds distinctly conservative. No season passes without the imprint of the firm appearing to new editions of nursery tales.

"You might," he says, "publish fifty editions of 'Red Riding Hood,' and they would all sell."

There are also new tales in plenty. One I picked up out of a batch detailed the affecting adventures of Ten Little Kittens, which, following the precedent of the Ten Little Niggers, went out and found Destiny waiting for them in the way. Then there are other picture-books—with

pictures that move—and Alphabets which represent the royalet thing yet invented in the way of roads to learning; and "Father Tuck's Annual," a new venture for which it is safe to predict success.

The mechanical element is not this year confined to picture-books. Many of Messrs. Tuck's hosts of calendars have attachments of extreme ingenuity. Here, for example, is a dancing-girl with skirts that expand when you pull the string, there a basket of forget-me-nots which falls asunder and reveals a happy family of kittens. I saw, in confidence, the rough model of a contrivance which is being prepared for the season of 1901, and I would strongly advise every little boy and girl to try and remain in the nursery over that Christmas, and to tell their parents that the name is Raphael Tuck and Sons, and that they will then live in a fine new house in Moorfields, which you can see the builders busy on now.

The season's calendars vary from microscopic things you can put in your waistcoat-pocket and lose there, to elaborate reproductions which you want to hang on your wall and study morning and evening. There are sets of Turner, Landseer, Constable, and other "masters," in addition to commissions to many living R.A.'s. Mr. Leslie Willson's amusing set, "The Scorchers' Progress," has already been mentioned in *The Sketch*, and Mr. Tuck was kind enough to hand me the first copy, just in from the printer's, of the third edition. Perhaps best of all is the "Don Quixote" series, some of which are reproduced on this page.

Mr. Gustave Tuck gave me one piece of information which has a peculiar interest in these days of Anglo-American *ententes*, or *rapprochements*, or whatever the proper word is. The firm has a large branch in New York, from which, though all the goods are made in England, it supplies the States.

"The curious thing," said Mr. Tuck, "is that the taste in America is exactly the same as in England. We know quite well that if a card or a book 'catches on' here, it will be popular there. In some cases the sales are practically identical."



SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Nov. 30, 4.52; Thursday, 4.51; Friday, 4.49; Saturday, 4.48; Sunday, 4.47; Monday, 4.46; Tuesday, 4.45.

There was an interesting ceremony at Macclesfield the other day, when a number of cyclists presented Mr. Boyd, the Road Surveyor of the Cheshire County Council, with a handsome bicycle in recognition of the excellent manner in which the roads under his charge are kept. I alluded last summer in my notes to the perfect condition of the Cheshire roads, and it is a pleasant task now to record so worthy an appreciation of them by the local cyclists.



THE MAN ALL CYCLISTS DEPEND ON.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

The cyclist's happiness in the country depends so largely on the work of the patient old men whom you find breaking stones by the wayside that I am glad to see the movement in West Herts to recognise the "road-man." Mr. E. H. Morris and Mr. T. Bamford, both West Herts cyclists whose portraits have appeared in *The Sketch*, are promoting a scheme whereby all the road-men in their district will be entertained

at a dinner and social evening, the cost to be met by subscriptions. The effort is receiving substantial support. If this plan was adopted throughout the country, and every road-man from Land's End to John o' Groats was annually treated in the same way, and thus made to feel that the thousands of cyclists who pass by night and by day were his friends, everyone would be benefited by the friendly feeling thus established.

It is satisfactory to note that, throughout the country, the County Councils are taking charge of the main roads, and it is to be hoped that the old and wasteful method of lining the road with granite and flints, and leaving them to be ground into powder, will soon be abolished, and that we shall soon see the steam-roller universally used and all roads managed by a central authority.

In this connection I was struck by a remark of the road-man here depicted. He had a heap of broken stones, with which he was lining the road, but, as I wished to show some larger unbroken stones in the photograph, I asked him to take his seat at another heap of stones a few yards distant. Said he, "Shan't break many of these stones; they belong to the next parish."

The Swift Cycle Company, Limited, with which is incorporated the Coventry Machinists Company, Limited, have a splendid show of cycles on view at their establishment, 15 and 16, Holborn Viaduct. Among the changes to be seen in their '99 machine is a greatly improved hub, by means of which the wheel is bound to run true at all times; a handle-bar which, by means of a cleverly constructed toothed wheel, can be raised or lowered in a moment and with the greatest of ease; and an excellent brake, which operates upon the hub of the back-wheel as soon as the rider begins to back-pedal. The back-wheel, moreover, runs free, so that coasting can be indulged in without its being necessary for the rider to remove his feet from the pedals. The prices of Swift machines have been considerably reduced, and the exhibition is well worth a visit by all persons interested in cycling, and especially by persons who contemplate buying a new machine.

I have been much amused by a correspondence which has been carried on for some weeks in the *Hub* on "Cycling Hypochondriasis," a new cycling disease which, if the effect is as alarming as the name, may well strike terror into the breast of the novice. But it is too bad to lay to the charge of the long-suffering bicycle what is purely a nervous disorder. It merely consists in imagining that something is wrong with your machine, when it is really in perfect order. This, however, is not peculiar to cycling. It is quite possible by imagining anything to become firmly convinced of its truth. How easy, when you are sitting in church on a warm summer-day, watching a wasp settle on an old gentleman's bald head, to become absolutely certain that you feel another crawling on the back of your own neck!

Or, to take another example, Northumberland House, which formerly stood in Trafalgar Square, was ornamented on the top by a stone figure of a lion with outstretched tail. A man once stood in the Square, gazing intently at the lion, and presently exclaimed, "I saw it wag its tail!" A crowd quickly collected, and in ten minutes a hundred people solemnly vowed they too had seen it move. The disease, or call it what you will, is as old as the world; it affords an explanation of many a so-called miracle. This power of the imagination has nothing whatever to do

with cycling, and a man or woman may be a hypochondriac quite irrespective of the wheel. We have heard quite enough of diseases attributable to cycling without seeking to add another.

As an example of the effect of foreign influence on the natives of the Celestial Empire, it is now stated that even a Chinese lady is learning to ride a bicycle. True, she is not in China, but resides in Singapore. Still, it is the thin edge of the wedge, and who knows if, before long, we may not hear of that ultra-conservative lady, the Dowager-Empress, disporting herself awheel?

One of the largest gatherings of Humber agents ever seen in London, or presumably elsewhere, sat down to an excellent dinner given at the Hotel Cecil by the Humber directors on Wednesday last. The subjects of conversation, as may well be supposed, had reference chiefly to wheels and to wheelmen, and to the Humber cycles in particular, and the gathering appeared to be an eminently friendly one, friendliness which increased as the dishes decreased and the fierce array of bottles and decanters steadily grew emptier and emptier.

The chairman, Mr. C. N. Baker, while introducing "The Humber Agents, English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Foreign, and Isle of Man," remarked incidentally that the motor would be the vehicle of the future, and warmly urged upon all Humber agents to watch the motor closely, and to do all in their power to further its interests. It was the motor, he added, which would bring them the bulk of their business and the bulk of their profits in days to come, and he felt certain that, if all the agents present there, and the rest who were unable to be present, worked as hard and as energetically in promoting the sale of motors as they had in advancing the sale of cycles, the name of Humber would soon be associated with motors as honourably as it was with bicycles and triecycles.

Mr. Henry Moore then proposed the health of the Humber agents, and, in the course of an amusing and animated speech, which was received with cheers and enthusiasm, he stated that, though the days of very large profits on individual machines were over, owing to the prices of cycles having been so much cut down during the last few years, the thing to look to was the aggregate profit at the end of the year, which, he maintained, was very considerable indeed, owing partly to the fact that, where a few cycles were sold five or six years ago, hundreds were sold now, or words to that effect. He knew, however, that, though prices might possibly be still further reduced in the future, it would never be said of the Humber Company that they sold a cheap and nasty machine. This statement was received with loud cheers.

The toast was responded to by Messrs. J. Waring, of the Gloucester Cycle Company, Gloucester; E. L. Sleight, of the New Rossleigh Cycle Company, Edinburgh; J. J. Keating, of Dublin; George Ace, of the Tenby and Pembroke Cycle Company, Tenby; and F. J. von Laer, of Reiners, von Laer, and Co., South Africa. The toast "Humber and Co., Limited, and Humber and Co. (Extension), Limited," was then proposed by Mr. F. Jennings, of Manchester, and responded to by the Chairman and by Mr. M. D. Rucker, after which Mr. A. R. Marten proposed the health of "The Press, Cycle and General," which was responded to by Mr. H. J. Swindley, of the *Cyclist*, and Mr. J. A. Warland, of the *Sportsman*. Between the speeches the company were entertained by several talented artists.

One hundred and twenty-six thousand devotees of golf and more exist at the present time in the United States! The number is remarkable, especially when it is remembered that the growth of the game is a matter of only about five years. The United States Golf Association was formed not quite so long ago as that, and there were then only five clubs, whereas at the present time there are nineteen associate and one hundred allied clubs, the membership of the former alone exceeding eleven thousand, while there are in addition four hundred outside clubs. Quite as remarkable as the number of members is the amount of money invested in the game, which is set down at more than ten million sterling, while this year alone the expenditure of the members will, it is believed, reach two million sterling. This gives an average expenditure of about £16 for each player, a sum which may seem excessive to us, but is a very moderate outlay indeed on the other side. There are more players on the roll of the U.S.G.A. who spend £50 a-year on their amusement than there are who spend £20.



MR. H. MOORE, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE HUMBER EXTENSION.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

It is stated on fairly good authority that the Prince of Wales is going to try and win several of the big handicaps next year, and thus his reason for retaining Watts, M. Cannon, and Tod Sloan to ride as the weight suits. His Royal Highness has some very useful horses in training at the present time, and the Sandringham yearlings are said to be an exceptionally useful lot, so that Marsh will have some good material to work upon. The Egerton House trainer, by-the-by, has had the most execrable luck of late, but he can be relied on to get home some good winners early next season, while his horses should be worth following at the Epsom Summer and the Ascot Meetings.

The flat-race jockeys have now gone into winter quarters, and they will spend the winter months in following the hounds. Nat Robinson will often be seen out with the Vale of White Horse, and M. Cannon will ride with the New Forest Foxhounds. T. Loates may go to Ascott, where he would be well-horsed by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. John Watts generally keeps his hunters at Cheltenham for the winter. Bradford and many of the other jockeys follow the packs that hunt in the neighbourhood of Newmarket. Coursing, billiards, and dancing are favourite winter pastimes with many of the jockeys, while some of them are expert pigeon-shots, and others, T. Loates of their number, are really graceful skaters. I hope some of the apprentices do not neglect night-school, as education is a telling force even on the Turf.

That wretched word "postponement" will have to be uttered on occasion during the next few months, and it is a pity that a frost- and snow-proof racecourse could not be instituted in this country. One enterprising patentee was offering thawing-powder for sale to Clerks of Courses some few winters back, but I presume the idea did not answer, as it has seemingly gone out of use. Covering the course with hay, as is done at Manchester, is useful enough in its way, but this kills the herbage in time, and interferes sadly with good going. I think path-tracks would answer, and I remember walking on a trotting-track in the neighbourhood of Toronto, Canada, twenty years ago, that was made of ashes. This track was positively frost-proof, and the going was always good, but during the summer months the black dust on the course was blinding, simply because water-carts were never used.

The jumping meetings at Sandown Park always yield well, although I should think this the hardest qualifying course in England, and I really think it is more difficult to get over than the country at Aintree. As the old-stagers are not fit to race yet, we shall for some few weeks have to rely on maiden hurdle-races and selling-plates to produce anything like average fields; but I think, with the incoming of the New Year, we shall see some really good jumping contests. I wish the Sandown directors would originate a five-mile steeplechase over their course, and make the first prize worth, say, £2000, with £200 for the second, and £100 for the third. The race could be run at the latter end of February, so as not to clash with the Grand National. It would "catch on" with the public, and I think the affair might easily be made to pay for itself.

Only a moderate acceptance has been received for the Sandown Grand Annual Hurdle Race, but I expect there will be quite ten runners. Turkish Bath, a very smart jumper, who has performed well over the course, may win, and Grempo certainly ought to get a place. This animal, like Northallerton, is owned in shares by two or three gentlemen who have a very capable trainer-jockey in Morrell, who was for some time head lad to Escott's stable. I notice The Moor among the acceptances, and I should like to see this horse carry the Rothschild colours to victory in a big hurdle-race. A very small field will be seen out for the Great Sandown Steeplechase. No is a useful young horse, but this country may be too much for him. If he stands up, he will go close. Surplice may get a place, but for the actual winner Barcalwhey, who has been successful over the course before, is the best to stand. This horse has been in strong work for some weeks, and he appears to improve with age.

As I have before stated, one or two of the big plungers have had to retire from the Turf owing to the luck of the game having gone against them. From what I can learn, their downfall was brought about owing to their having slavishly followed certain jockeys' advice. In my opinion, the jockeys, as a body, are the worst vaticinators on the Turf, and many will remember the case of a certain old gentleman, who, some years back, lost thousands on the Turf through following the tips given him by his son, who was a well-known and highly successful knight of the pigskin. Jockeys are apt to magnify the little sparrows they ride into big pigeons, forgetting that other horses in the same races have much better credentials. Many a jockey could get home if the horse were good enough, but few can win races on bad horses.

Handicapping has not given complete satisfaction this year, and no wonder, seeing that the gentlemen who do the adjusting favour the foreign horses so much. True, French thoroughbreds are harshly treated by our handicappers, who have not forgotten the victories of Alicante and Plaisanterie; but animals brought to this country from Australia and America are simply thrown into our handicaps, after they have gone through the acclimatising stage. This should not be. Our handicappers

seemingly fancy that, because some horses when fat cannot win with 8 st. 8 lb., they are not likely to be successful when thoroughly fit with 6 st. 8 lb. only to carry. Such reasoning is against the best interests of the Turf, and it is very unfair to the big English owners who keep up large stables and run their horses out in every race for which they are entered.

CAPTAIN COE.

HUNTING.

I have been assured by a keen huntsman, who has ridden for nearly half-a-century, and yet has a seat in the saddle that most men would envy, that future prospects of the sport are far from promising. The other evening found me in a hunting-country town turning over the pages of a local paper in my friend's dining-room. I remarked that the list of hunting fixtures was a very large one—that where ten years ago there were two or three packs, we now found six or seven, and consequently the sport must be prosperous. My friend, who is a great authority, assured me that I was quite wrong in my inferences. "The future of hunting," he said, "is not at all hopeful. In the old days landowners were not successful merchants or speculators from London or big provincial towns. They were the sons and grandsons of hunting men, who had held the last for generations and followed the hounds when they first learned to manage a pony." I asked what had brought about the change, and the veteran sportsman traced it to the coming of Free Trade and the long years of agricultural depression that followed. "The character of the tenants was changed," continued my host; "the old owners had to go, the new ones have no traditions; they resent hunting, put up barbed wire, do not support the pack, and altogether give the sport the cold shoulder. For the first few years of their tenancy they may have made some sacrifices to popular feeling; now their natural antipathy to what they have never cared to understand makes many difficulties, that will have a marked effect in another generation." The Cockney," continued the old gentleman rather bitterly, as he held his glass of old port up to the light for a moment, "may pretend to all things, but you can't pretend to be a fox-hunter after the first stiff run." Thus a good old English gentleman.

TRICK BILLIARDS.

Herr George Mosslacher, who has a remarkable Continental reputation as a trick billiard-player, has been showing his extraordinary skill at Messrs. Orme's private room in Soho Square. He was instructor to Prince Bismarck (who showed a decided liking for the game) and to the Duke of Cumberland. The great feature of his tricks is the marvellous hand-work that is seen. One of his feats is to spin various-sized balls in a plate, and make them come out one at a time and at intervals. Another performance on a plate is spinning three large balls round the edge for three or four minutes without any of them touching. Yet another is the placing of a dozen skittles in a circle on the table with a ball in between each, then playing at the balls and knocking them all without disturbing a skittle. A similar feat he performs with twenty-four skittles on the table in various positions; he plays a ball off seven cushions, winding up with a cannon without disturbing one of the skittles, notwithstanding the fact that the ball is running in and out among them all the while. Another trick, which requires strength, is playing a ball from the top to the bottom cushion with sufficient force to make it rebound over the head of a man who is seated on a chair upon the table, and then catching it.



HERR MOSSLACHER, THE TRICK BILLIARD-PLAYER.

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CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Dec. 13.

THE POSITION.

The Money Market still makes towards ease, and the Bank of England has, for the time at least, abandoned the attempt to lift rates. Discounts, too, have slipped away, and must come even further down unless something happens to bring about a fresh scare. For a wonder, the "bulls" have had the best of a nineteen-day account, and, but for the almost total absence of business, Stock Exchange matters would be quite cheerful. There are not wanting signs, however, that the public is beginning to nibble again, and even some of the new concerns offered for subscription are being taken up; for instance, the Egyptian Markets last week was certainly over-subscribed, and that, too, by the little investor. As an encouraging sign, we know that a certain broker sold a block of 5000 Market Trusts for the special settlement, and, much to his surprise, the shares went into a good many names evidently not connected with the "shop," while, last Account, we saw a pile of transfers, representing some 1500 Northern Terrors, also sold in one line, and we were surprised to note that the majority of the transferees were taking twenty, thirty, or fifty shares only. If politics will but give us a little rest, the signs of returning activity may easily gather strength.

Business in United States Railway shares is assuming larger proportions, and the Yankees themselves are free buyers. We hear that Alabama, New Orleans, and Texas "B" Debentures are a promising lock-up. The last dividend was 55s., but it is expected that the full 5 per cent. will be paid in February next, and that, too, for the whole year, so that at 68 or 69 there is room for a rise, while more adventurous spirits are even talking about the "C" bonds as worth a gamble. Despite occasional set-backs, it looks as if the times were far more propitious for buying than selling Yankee Rails.

THE CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

Monday, Nov. 28, should be marked in red on the calendars of Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk shareholders. After the long-winded and technical correspondence which has been exchanged between the chairmen of the two lines, the brief note of Mr. Shaughnessy—announcing that an agreement had been executed which covered the interchange of traffic between the two companies *via* North Bay, and that local rates were to be restored on Nov. 28—came as balm in Gilead to the interested ones.

Grand Trunk stocks naturally benefited by far the most, although Canadas signalled the event by gracefully rising a dollar, to 88. If London was not glad, Berlin was, for the shares of the C.P.R. are largely held in the Teutonic capital, where, of course, the financial situation has lately caused grave anxiety. In fact, were it not for the fear of German finance, it is most likely that Canadas would have taken a bigger jump, and one more in keeping with the head-over-heels scramble that occurred in its sister market. Trunks Firsts rose nearly a point before any stock changed hands at all, and Seconds followed suit. Speculation is now centred upon the probable dividend which may fall to the First Preference at the conclusion of the current half-year. The sanguine estimates of 5 per cent., and something over for Seconds, have been woefully reduced of late, and, in view of the heavy decrease already exhibited in the returns since July 1 last, even the optimists hardly like to predict more than 3 per cent., or 4 at the outside. Supposing that it were 3 per cent., the purchaser of Trunk Firsts at 70 would get a return of about £4 6s. 8d. per cent. on his investment, which isn't enough on such a volatile "security." The Grand Trunk has, we admit at once, a splendid future before it; but the future has yet to come, and we should not buy Trunks at present quotations. "Philosophy," ruminated Rochefoucauld, "triumphs easily over past and over future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy." There are a good many present evils to be conquered before Firsts get their 5 per cent. in full and the price goes to par.

INDUSTRIALS.

Amid all the manifold chances and changes of choppy markets, the Industrial department has, for this year at all events, held its ground with remarkable pertinacity. In the spring-time it was swelled by the entry of a small battalion of new jobbers, and for a month or two all went merrier than a wedding-bell. Now, however, even in the Industrial Market ascends the sad lament of not enough business to go round, spite of the favouritism which Home investments have lately acquired in the general eye. "A man must read the newspaper, whatever may be the state of the Cabinet," or "If Rhodes die, one must still get his tea at an A.B.C.," is the argument of the man who buys Pearson Preference or Aërated Breads, and it is, no doubt, to its outward and visible signs that the market owes so much of its popularity. And it is a popularity which is likely to increase, although, of course, *ipso facto*, competition will become keener and keener. Home Railway stocks do not pay enough to suit many an investor, and Yankees are "no class" in his eyes. Consequently, Industrials will always have a large following of supporters who love to have their money invested where they can actually see it, and those of our readers who hold sound commercial undertakings that yield from 5 to 7 per cent. should stick to them. Breweries were never things whose purchase we much cared about, and, with a general election on the horizon, we do not by any means advocate this class of stocks, which has besides the disadvantage of a very limited market. Drapery shares are not likely to reach much higher

prices this year, for the "rag trade" has had anything but a lively time of late.

Of the various selection of Cotton Companies, we should select Coats, about 68, as the best to hold for a lock-up. The Bread-and-Butter Market has been startled by Lyons touching 5, the rise having been stimulated by the "bears" struggling to get out of the den craftily laid for their fall. Aërated Breads can be trusted to reach 14 in six months time, and at 5 premium Pease and Partners Ordinary shares look a very fair investment, and are likely to improve in price as the Special Settlement draws near. Liptons are being held up in view of the approach of the American business coming to London for flotation. Kodak shares naturally fell to par after the allotment was made, and are not likely to see a premium for some time. A new thing is Hopwood and Crew, whose private prospectus was issued last Thursday. The capital is to be £130,000, and, of course, it will appeal to the musical portion of the community. Its capital is, at all events, an improvement upon the immense amount that was demanded some months ago by Novello and Co. when that great publishing house faced the music. Tobacco shares call for no comment, but the Electric Light Market is waking up once more, and, in view of the greater amount of business likely to be done by the companies in the ensuing quarter, is likely to benefit considerably by any kind of demand for the shares. National Telephones should be held for 6 at least. It is still said that Vickers' shares are worth holding for a further rise, and, as many of our readers are in at lower prices, there is no need for them to hurry out.

KAFFIRS.

What the Kaffir Market really wants is something novel to deal in, the present list being played out so far as business is concerned, temporarily at any rate. The "Gold Share" department, comprising such concerns as Knights, Villages, and Crowns, has attained as high a level with regard to quotations as it is likely to in the absence of any outside buying, although prices will probably hold their present values so long as their sponsors can maintain them. The more speculative propositions, such as East Rand, Randfontein, and Rand Mines, are all in the same political boat, blown about by every wind that arises in Paris or Pretoria. As a speculation, we are inclined to think East Rand at 6 and Rand Mines at 33 afford scope for a fall, but, in dealing with Randfontein, one has to take into consideration the silence that is adopted about the property, besides the impracticability of the company floating its subsidiaries until the appetite of the speculative investor grows keener.

In the Land group, Chartered and Goldfields have responded sharply to a little professional buying, and took the rest of the market with them. We referred to the report of the Goldfields Company in our last week's issue, omitting, however, all remarks anent the remarkable chart showing the gold output of the Witwatersrand for the past twelve years. In 1887, according to the diagram just mentioned, the total output for the year was £81,042, this being derived wholly from the central section of the outcrop companies. In 1890 the return had been multiplied more than twenty times, and the Deep-Level Companies made their first appearance, contributing one-tenth per cent. to the amount won.

Last year the Deep-Levels had increased their quota to 9½ per cent., and it is anticipated that at the end of 1898 they will be responsible for more than a fifth of the estimated total production of £15,800,000. The policy of the Consolidated Gold Fields directors in exchanging their outcrop interests for those in deep-levels is amply justified if, as the diagramist estimates, there are only 1212 unworked outcrop-reef claims, while the unworked deep-level claims are six and a-half times as many, the gold contents per claim being put down roughly at an average of £70,000 to £90,000. In other words, if we take the medium figure of average, the estimate expects that the total gold production of the Witwatersrand, as far as can be judged at present, will be over £700,000,000, and the production for the deep-levels alone in 1903 is estimated at £11,000,000. The figures are extremely interesting—as figures; but what a pity it is that there should be nothing more misleading than facts except figures!

OUTSIDE BROKERS.

We are so continually getting letters from correspondents asking us to recommend to them "respectable" outside brokers, or asking us why we advise everybody to deal with brokers who are members of the Stock Exchange, that we feel obliged to refer to the subject again in these Notes.

The majority of the outside brokers who advertise or circularise all sorts and conditions of people, don't pay when the wretched client succeeds in having an account which shows a profit; but there are a few who do pay, and what so many of our correspondents cannot understand is why we strongly urge no one to deal even with this comparatively respectable minority.

The reasons are not far to seek. They are not brokers at all, but dealers in stock who buy or sell direct to the client, and whose interest is, therefore, distinctly adverse to that of the individual with whom they are dealing. In the first place, therefore, it is the interest of all these dealers to induce the client to buy or sell the wrong thing, for they profit only by his loss. Suppose you buy, say, 1000 Little Chathams from a dealer; either he has the stock to deliver or he may at any moment have to buy it to carry out his bargain; inasmuch, therefore, as the stock rises, the gain is yours and the loss his, or *vice versa*, and this is true whether you are actually dealing in stock or only gambling in differences. How, under such circumstances, can a client expect honest advice?

The business of outside brokers is carried on with a certain cover or margin deposited by the client, and the bargains are entered into upon what are called "tape" prices; that is, the broker sells to such clients as wish to buy at the highest price quoted by the Exchange Telegraph Company at a particular time on a particular day, or buys at the lowest price given in the same quotation. The difference between these prices is the advantage which the outsider has in the gamble, and this difference is considerably larger than the same difference in the Stock Exchange. Say, for example, London and South-Western Deferred stock comes out on the "tape" at $91\frac{1}{2}$ to $92\frac{1}{2}$, the true Stock Exchange market is very likely $91\frac{3}{4}$ to 92 , and the outside broker, by dealing at "tape" price, gets an advantage of 5s. or 10s., as the case may be—that is, he sells to you at 10s. over the price at which a Stock Exchange broker could have got the stuff, and buys from you at 5s. less, should you happen to be a seller.

Nor is this all, for, if you speculate with an outside broker, you generally do so on about a 2 per cent. margin, and, if the stock drops so that this margin runs off, the outsider closes the account and pockets the margin. Now, in the case of London and South-Western Deferred stock, quoted on the tape, as in the above example, the drop would have to be only 1 per cent. before the bargain could be closed, and your cover lost, for you would have bought at $92\frac{1}{2}$ (giving 10s. too much), and a drop of one would make the quotation $90\frac{1}{2}$ to $91\frac{1}{2}$, at which price the outside broker would close the deal and send you a contract-note showing that he had repurchased the stock at $90\frac{1}{2}$, or two per cent. below the price at which he originally sold it to you; while if, instead of a fall, there is a rise of one per cent., the tape quotation would be $92\frac{1}{2}$, $93\frac{1}{2}$, out of which you could not get a profit.

How can even the veriest fool of a punter play against such self-evidently loaded dice?

There are other disadvantages, such as that, in case of disputes, there is no Committee to take the offender before, and that even the best of them are always trying to dispose of shares with which vendors or underwriters are stuck; but we hope we have said enough to convince our readers of the folly of gambling either upon the advice or through the medium of outside brokers.

THE QUEENSLAND INVESTMENT COMPANY.

The report of this unfortunate concern, which, like the Queensland National Bank, was ruined by the Mellwraith-cum-Drury rule, is not pleasant reading for the unfortunate shareholders. Even after allowing for sundry windfalls, in the shape of "profit on purchase of £40,000 Perpetual Debenture stock," and some over-due interest recovered from sale of an estate, there is a debit balance on the year's working of £4468, which very nearly corresponds to the total cost of management.

Substantially, the income which can be reckoned upon is about £25,000 a-year, while Debenture interest comes to nearly £24,000. The good feature of the accounts is the very full way in which every item is treated, and the fact that the Terminable Debentures maturing for the next two years are only £45,000, against available cash-balances amounting to £60,000. There is evidently no chance of any further call at present, and, should things considerably improve on the Australian side, there may eventually be some surplus for the shareholders, but, looked at from even the rosier point of view, the present state of the company can only be considered a long-drawn-out liquidation in which the Debenture-holders are sure to be paid 20s. in the pound, but even the Preferred Ordinary stock is not at all certain to be redeemed in full.

ECIOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

"Why are the hoary traditions of the House to be violated in this shameful way?" demanded a chronic "bear" as he compared the making-up prices this time with those of nineteen days ago. A long Settlement has the reputation of being an utterly hopeless one for the "bulls," yet that which is now finishing has been a particularly good one for their campaigns in nearly every department of the Stock Exchange. The American Market has been content with little short of making historical prices for 1898 every other day. Baltimore and Ohio, Louisville and Atchison Pref., to take only a trio of random instances, have topped their hitherto record prices for the year, and even Consols have unbent sufficiently to join in the march of progress. It seems curious now to remember that only about a month ago Consols touched $106\frac{3}{4}$, on the "Black Tuesday" when war with France was considered merely a question of hours, and it is to be remembered that on the last Consol Contango-day Goschens made up at $108\frac{1}{2}$. By the way, people are beginning to ask what to do with their Consols, in view of the scaling-down of interest, which takes place in 1903, less than five years hence. The question as to the advisability of selling Consols at their present price of about 111, and reinvesting the money in, say, a 2½ per cent. Corporation stock below par, has a good many sides to it. Consols now yield rather under 2½ per cent. Metropolitan 2½ per cent. at 97 ex-dividend will return about 2½ per cent., and is not redeemable until 1920 at the earliest, when it may be paid off at par. On the face of it, the best plan to adopt would be to sell Consols and buy Metropolitan 2½ per cents., since the former will probably depreciate in price the nearer we get to 1903, while the latter is likely to rise until its quotation is closer than that of the Funds. On the other hand, Consols can be turned into sovereigns in the blackest of times at literally half-an-hour's notice, while it might be difficult, upon occasion, to deal in anything like a large amount of the less well-known security. However, were I a trustee holding a lot of Consols, I think the exchange would have decided attractions for me, both for the enhanced revenue it would yield, and the probable rise in the value of the new stock. There are, of course, other 2½ per cent. Corporation stocks of equally high standing with Metropolitans; I have merely mentioned them illustratively.

The conspicuous features of the Home Railway Market during the week have comprised a sharp rise in Great Northern Deferred and a shilling turkey raffle. A new line from Wood Green to the Strand, to be partially controlled by the Great Northern Railway, has been projected, and if it can be carried through at a moderate expense, the Market thinks that such a feeder ought to bring great grist to the Great Northern's mill. That there is every opening for such a line no doubt can be entertained. I have lived in the North of London for a dozen years, and at present the nearest point from which to get to the West-End is

King's Cross, unless one goes to the City. North London undoubtedly wants a West-End outlet, and wants it badly. It is further reported that the Finsbury Park to Moorgate Street Company is to make a third attempt to get floated, this time under the auspices of the Great Northern. The air, in fact, is full of new schemes for railways, light railways, and steamship services. As regards the latter, an attempt is being made to advertise the Atlantic and Lake Superior rail and steamship service from Canada to Milford, thence to London by the Great Western, a scheme upon which we commented months ago, and one which evidently did not commend itself to the financiers to whom it was introduced, for no public emission has yet been made.

Americans had their annual Thanksgiving Day—presumably for profits made out of English speculators—on Thursday, and the day's rest seemed to temporarily curb the rampant spirits of the "bulls." The Market, to adopt a House phrase, has been "as good as gold," and, as Mr. Clariss pityingly remarked, "You cannot buy anything." Of course, he did not speak in figures. Eries have quite justified my anticipations, and have provided plenty of profit for those Christmas presents to the bairns that I suggested a week or two ago. The Coalers group has been a centre of strength, and again I say that the market has every appearance of holding. "Hullo! You here?" is the remark one hears constantly in the Yankee Market to-day as a broker turns up a friend who has emigrated thence from one of the dry-bones departments in the House.

What the West Australian Market would have done without its Common Council election, goodness only knows, and I'm not goodness. The pictorial embellishments have represented Mr. A. Marshall Jay in all kinds of allegory, most of which took the form of bird-studies, one of "A Martial Jay" in sword, medals, and the full panoply of war. Another candidate was Mr. T. J. Ive, whose name was represented as a beehive, but the Market's wit was unequal to the task of picturing the name of the third candidate, Mr. W. F. Pankhurst. The elected candidate, Mr. Ive, has been warmly congratulated, and that he will worthily maintain the honour of the House in the Broad Street Ward is the firm conviction of his fellow-members and of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

ISSUES.

The American Thread Company.—This long-expected combine, which rounds off the great Coats' cotton monopoly, is at last ready for issue, and the public is offered 1,200,000 5 per cent. Preference shares of \$5 each and \$6,000,000 4 per cent. Gold Bonds. The management of the thirteen amalgamated businesses will practically be in the hands of the English Sewing Cotton Company, and both the bonds and shares to be offered have been eagerly underwritten at 3 per cent. If the company had to be floated on the basis of past profits, the prospectus frankly tells us it could not be done; but, as the same was true of the English company, very much importance need not be attached to the unsatisfactory trading under conditions which cannot recur after the combine gets into working order. The people connected with the issue understand the trade, J. and P. Coats will be interested in its success, and, as not only will the cost of production and distribution be greatly diminished, but all cutting of prices will disappear, the Preference shares are likely to be largely subscribed and command a reasonable premium.

Robert Reid and Co., Limited.—This is an Anglo-Australian business which is both old-established and of good repute. Only 4½ per cent. Debentures and 5½ per cent. Preference shares are being offered to the public. The prospectus appears both full and fair, and, as the vendors are the promoters, and accepting all the Ordinary shares as part of their purchase-money, there is no intermediate profit. According to the valuation, the tangible assets amount to £428,520, so that the security for the £150,000 Debentures should be ample, and even the Preference shares are more than covered upon a most conservative estimate. The certificate of profits ranges from £34,174 for the year ending July 1896, to £47,781 for the corresponding period of 1898, so that upon an average of the last three years the Preference dividend is covered more than twice over. Both classes of security appear to us a good investment for those who are satisfied with a reasonable return upon their money.

Saturday, Nov. 26, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

E. M. H.—Of course, the thing is a swindle. The people you dealt with are as bad, or worse, than the majority. You are clearly entitled to get your money back, and if, on writing again for it, you do not get a reply, we will lay the whole facts before our readers. Write to us so that we get the letter on Friday, and tell us if these people have repaid you, sending us also the original letter of Nov. 3. We retain the other papers meanwhile.

E. B.—It is pleasant to hear that you like the Cycle Show Supplement, but what on earth has this to do with financial correspondence? If you want a photograph inserted, write to the Editor, not the "City Editor," of this paper.

A. R. JUNR.—(1) A fair Industrial risk, giving a high rate of interest. If you want that sort of thing, hold. (2) We do not expect any rise while present conditions continue on the Rand. (3) We should not sell. (4, 5, and 6) We have the poorest opinion of the prospects of these. There was a market in No. 5 once upon a time, but it has quite dropped out, and we do not think No. 6 is saleable. (7) Very unlikely that you will ever get much good out of this. It is a Glasgow concern, and you should be able to learn something about it at home.

DUMOUS.—Our order would be Coromandel, Ooregum, Nundydroog. The first is the most speculative, but, in our opinion, presents the best chance of any considerable rise. If you buy Ooregum, choose the Preference shares.

W. W. W.—We strongly urge you not to have anything to do with the shares of the Havana Cigar and Tobacco Factories. The market is absolutely in the hands of a clique who can do what they like with it. We certainly consider that the dividend on the Preference shares is reasonably safe, if that is all you want.

BETA.—The Insurance office is a very good one.

J. B. H.—The concern you mention appears to us greatly over-capitalised. It was not well subscribed, and hence every applicant seems to have got allotments in full. There is a market at about 24s. 6d. to 25s. 6d., if you want to sell. The settlement and quotation will take probably three months to obtain, but, with so many people in the same fix as yourself, we do not expect any immediate rise.

N. B. (Montreux).—The City Editor has nothing to do with sending you papers. Your letter has been handed to the Publishing Department.

A. F.—The account of your gear-case may be most interesting, but it has nothing to do with financial subjects. If you and other people like you would only use your brains, and read the directions at the head of this Correspondence Column, it would save the City Editor a great deal of trouble.

NOTE.—This Correspondence Column is intended for financial matters only, and the "City Editor" has nothing to do with the general management of this paper. In future, all letters enclosing poems, asking for copies of the paper, requesting the insertion of photographs, and suchlike matters, if addressed to the "City Editor," will be put in the waste-paper basket.